

The Minn.

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AND HALIBURTON RECORD

VOL. VIII, No. 21.
TERMS \$1 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

MINDEN ONTARIO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1892.

HELLO!**HERE'S A CHANCE**

GORRIE is Retiring from the General Store Business

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Stock Going at Cost.

Get there quick and get some good value while it lasts. We will sell low and are all New and Fresh, and bought lately, some to arrive yet; so here is a chance to cheap, to clothe yourself cheap, to Boot and Shoe your children, to get your Paint, Hardware your building.

Our stock is the finest in the Village, and all New Goods. Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats Caps Boots and Shoes, Rubbers, Felt Socks, Cloth Shoes &c.

GROCERIES, FULL OF ALL THE BEST GOODS, AND AT COST

Crockery, Tea Sets, Chamber Sets, Lamp Goods &c. Patent Medicines, Pills, ;

Worm Powders &c. Dyes, Baskets, Ropes, Chains, Nails and Horse Sho.

BLACKSMITHS, WE WILL CLEAR OUT OUR IRON AT 2c. PER POUND.

We thank our Customers and the public who have so liberally patronized us in the past; and would say we will try and secure a good man to carry on the business you have so liberally patronized, and I believe it to be to your interest to get a good man here that will look after your interests.

YOURS TRULY,
Daniel Gorrie.

The Minden Echo.

MINDEN, FRIDAY, JAN. 22, 1892.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Curry is suffering from La Grippe. Mr. R. G. Haight, visited Lindsay on Monday last.

Mr. C. C. Leary of Anson, is at present laid up with an attack of Grippe.

Mr. Mark Morrison, of this place, is suffering from an attack of Grippe.

Mr. Frank Scott, brother of Revd. Geo. Scott, is visiting at Minden just now.

Mr. A. J. Scott of Cobocouk, was a visitor in Minden on Tuesday and Wednesday last.

Mrs. John Prentice, of Minden Township, is reported to be suffering from the effects of La Grippe.

Mr. Chas. Richards, who has been visiting his mother at Millbrook, returned to Minden on Monday last.

Mr. J. P. Dixon has commenced his studies in the Peterboro Commercial College, and seems to like the work.

Mr. John A. Barron was in Minden on Tuesday last long enough to instruct his friends on their private political duties in the approaching election.

Mr. T. G. Hazlett, of Anson township brought home from Peterboro last week a very fine thoroughbred Clyde filly that he purchased there a few weeks since.

Mr. Bert Gainer, who left here for Toronto a couple of weeks ago, has settled down to learn the business of watch making; he reports favorably of the progress he is making.

Mr. A. Niven, of Haliburton, made a short visit to the County Town on Tuesday last; we also noticed our friend Mr. Sedgwick, Reeve of Snowdon, Mr. Geo. W. Stevens of Stanhope and several other prominent citizens in Town the same day.

LOCAL.

The Episcopalians at Gelert had a very successful entertainment on Wednesday evening last in aid of their proposed church.

HALIBURTON RACES:—The seventh annual meeting of the Haliburton Trotting Association takes place on the ice on Head Lake, Tuesday and Wednesday, 26th and 27th January, 1892. Several good purses are to be competed for. Full particulars in their large posting bills.

TEA MEETING:—There will be a tea meeting in Progress appointment (commonly known as Egypt) on the evening of Feb. 10th. Tea served from 5 to 7 o'clock. A good programme is being provided, and there will also be an address given by Rev. J. F. Meyers of Kilmount subject "The Power of Little's." Admission 25c and 15c. Proceeds for church fund.

WANTED:—Good general servant; Apply to Mrs. Curry, Minden.

RATHER COOL:—The weather caught a severe cold here in the early part of the week in consequence of which the thermometer dropped to 32 below 0 on Tuesday night.

SATISFACTORY:—We are very pleased to learn that every teacher who passed the last Model School examination here that was desirous of obtaining a situation as teacher has obtained a situation.

BEATTY'S TOUR OF THE WORLD:—Ex-Mayor Daniel F. Beatty, of Beatty's Celebrated Organs and Piano's, Washington, New Jersey, has returned home from an extended tour of the world. Read his advertisement in this paper and send for catalogue.—24

SLEIGHING:—The merry jingle of the sleigh bells now fill the air of the back country; the recent fall of snow having added greatly to the travelling facilities, altho passable sleighing has existed here for some weeks past with but little snow, but now there is abundance to meet every requirement on the roads or in the woods.

AGRICULTURAL:—The twelfth annual meeting of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union will be held at Guelph on the 28th and 29th instant when those who can make it convenient to attend will have the opportunity of learning much of the recent experimental work in Agriculture, Horticulture and Bee-keeping.

SOIREE:—The congregation of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Minden, intend holding their annual Soiree in the Town Hall here on Friday evening the 29th instant, when we have no doubt they will have a successful entertainment. The ladies of St. Paul's are proverbial for all ways having good tables at their soirees.

Oh, What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails.

GOOD SHOOTING:—A correspondence from Irondale intended to reach us about three weeks since just came into our hands as we write; having been mislaid and remained unopened until now, in which we found a dollar bill for a year's subscription to the Echo. Several news items were contained therein which now would seem rather stale, but one we give, which was that of a shooting match held there Christmas time at Mr. S. E. Hancock's, distance 60 yards off hand and 135 yards with rest. Each competitor making a bull's eye claimed a turkey; some of the young lads there did good shooting. Master W. Hancock getting 8, G. Wilson 2 and P. Barr Jr., 1. It made some of the old sports green with envy, but all accorded the youngsters great credit as marksmen.

KINMOUNT RACES:—The only report received up to us going to press was that the races of the first day were not finished and the final contests were to take place this forenoon. There was quite a number of people present, and some good horses so that they expect the contest to be keen to-day.

The Presbyterians have procured the services of the Revd. Mr. Webber, a distinguished lecturer of Toronto to provide them an intellectual feast, consisting of three courses; the first being a lecture at Minden on "The Scottish Covenanters," the second a lecture at Allsaw on "William, Prince of Orange," and third a lecture at Haliburton on—

According to their usual generosity, the Presbyterians invite their many friends to the feast, but are compelled to ask you to bring a quarter with you as the expenses are high. As nearly another month is required in preparation for the above, what may be expected is better imagined than described.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.—33-52t

The Head Surgeon

Of the Lubon Medical Company is now at Toronto, Canada, and may be consulted either in person or by letter on all chronic diseases peculiar to man. Men, young, old, or middle aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and exhausted who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, speaks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids, and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of willpower, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLES, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms, of

nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 24 Macdonell Ave., Toronto, Canada.

Mr. Walter Patterson, leather merchant of Peterboro, died suddenly a few days ago.

Mrs. Gilmour, widow of the late John W. Gilmour, died at Peterboro on the 2nd instant. She lived a useful christian life, and died beloved by all who knew her.

Isaac Glenn of Omence, had his right arm wrenched completely off at the elbow while thrashing at Mr. Thos. Wilson's, Emily, on Thursday the 7th inst., by getting entangled in a belt of the machine.

Wm. Foot, a boy of 10 years of age, was drowned in Rice Lake on Wednesday last by skating into an air hole. His father together with a brother and sister were drowned in the same lake last summer.

COUNCIL MEETING

COUNCIL CHAMBER, Jan. 18th, 1892.
MINUTES of the first meeting of the municipal council of the Township of Minden for the year 1892. The following gentlemen took the necessary declarations of qualification and of office, and took their seats as the council for 1892, viz:—

Wm. Gainer, Esq., Reeve, and Messrs. J. Dauncey, Wm. Blair, Geo. A. Rogers and Mark Morrison, as Councillors.

Minutes of last meeting read and confirmed. Mr. Dummitt appeared before the council asking for a grant of \$7.00 for work already done on his road division, which, on motion of Mr. Dauncey, seconded by Mr. Blair, was granted.

Moved by Mr. Rogers, seconded by Mr. Morrison, that Mr. Thos. Stinson be appointed auditor of municipal accounts for 1892, and that the auditors be paid \$5.00 for their services. Carried.

The Reeve appointed Mr. Geo. West as the other auditor.
A by-law, confirming the appointment of the said auditors, was passed through its several readings, signed and the seal attached.

Moved by Mr. Dauncey, seconded by Mr. Rogers, that Messrs. John Goodman, E. C. Young and James Morrow, be and are hereby appointed a Board of Health for this municipality for the year 1892, together with the Reeve and Clerk members ex-officio. Carried.

Mr. Thos. Trumble applied to the council to have his property (Lot 1, Con. 3.) taken from S.S. No. 7, and attached to S. S. No. 8.

Moved by Mr. Morrison, seconded by Mr. Rogers, that this council intends at its next meeting to alter the boundaries of S. Sections Nos. 7 and 8 by attaching Lots numbers one, two, three, four and five, Con. 8, and Lot 20, Con. A, to School Section number 8, said lots now being in Section No. 7, and that the Clerk give the necessary notice to all parties concerned. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Blair, seconded by Mr. Dauncey, that William Pettigrew be and is hereby appointed Assessor for this municipality for 1892, at a salary of forty dollars, and that a by-law confirming said appointment be now read. Carried.

By-law passed through its several stages, signed and seal attached.

Moved by Mr. Morrison, seconded by Mr. Blair, that the collector be and is hereby required to proceed and collect the several rates levied within the municipality and to make a final return as collector by the next meeting of the council. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Dauncey, seconded by Mr. Blair, that a petition be presented to the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, asking that permission be given to municipalities to exempt from taxation all personal property, buildings and other improvements, either partially or wholly, believing that such Legislation will encourage industry, and discourage the withholding of valuable land from use. Carried.

Mr. Geo. Ross again appeared before the council asking that he be allowed the amount of his taxes in arrears (\$39.60) in cutting a road from his lot to Con. Line between Cons. 10 and 11.

Moved by Mr. Blair, seconded by Mr. Morrison, that Geo. Ross be allowed at the rate of seven dollars per acre for chopping out a road to be located by the Reeve, and road to extend from the Peterson Road Southward to connect with Con. Line 10 and 11. Carried.

Moved by Mr. Dauncey, seconded by Mr. Blair, that the Reeve and Messrs. M. Brown and M. Morrison be and are hereby appointed a committee to examine Hogg's and Horse Bridges and to ascertain what time will be required for their re-construction and to advertise for tenders for the supply of said timber. Carried.

Mr. Morrison stated that complaints were being made that the Clerk and Treasurer were being overpaid for their services, he therefore moved, seconded by Mr. Dauncey that at the next meeting of this council applications would be received for the said positions. Carried.

The following accounts were passed and ordered to be paid, viz:—

J. H. Delanere, printing &c.	\$ 4 50
H. Hobden, granted at last	
Wm. Dennison, meeting	12 05
John Harrison, work on road	5 00
Thos. Stinson, lumber	6 72

Moved by Mr. Dauncey, seconded by Mr. Blair, that the amount returned to the County Treasurer on account of roadwork against Lots 26 and 27, Con. 13, be refunded to the party, who has done the work, so soon as the amount is received by the said Treasurer. Carried.

On motion of Mr. Blair, seconded by Mr. Morrison, the council adjourned until called by the Reeve.

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rd to
greeting
dearly, and
possible warning; on the soft
tender assurances of Signora's de-
light in the news which Carlo had brought
her, she was conscious of her lover's
voice singing out in the garden. The joyous
ring about the old Neapolitan song, the un-
mistakable rapture of the singer, filled her
heart with happiness. The sweet, familiar
air always brought back to her memory that
first evening at the Villa Bruno.

"He has done nothing but sing since he
came back from you," said the signora, as
the singer drew nearer, every word dis-
tinctly heard in that clear atmosphere:

O dolce Napoli,
O suol beato
Dove sorridere
Vole il creato,
Tu sei l'impero
Dell'armonia.
Santa Lucia! Santa Lucia!

The last note still echoed in the air as
Carlo stepped into the dimly lighted room
through the open window, bearing in his
hand a bunch of red roses and myrtle-
blossom. It was the picture he had so often
imagined which met his gaze, for Francesca
stood beside his mother, the lamplight
shedding a soft glow over her sweet, fair
face. She was dressed in some kind of soft
white dress which made him think of a
baby's robe, her wavy brown hair was a
little ruffled by the white shawl which she
had thrown aside; in her sweet, pure hap-
piness she was exquisite.

"I did not know you had come," he ex-
claimed, hastening towards her; how was
it I never heard you?"

"We came without ceremony; there was
no ringing of bells," said Francesca.

"And Carlo was singing at the top of his
voice," said the mother laughingly. "I
foresee, Francesca, that he will now be like
my canary, who is so happy that he sings
all day long, and I have sometimes to ex-
tinguish him."

"We have been wondering what Signor
Piale will say," replied Francesca, smilingly;
"you know he looks upon love as the
supreme obstacle in the way of art."

"Then he should not compose music to
such words as these," said Carlo, taking up
a song from the open piano.

"Is that his last? I have not heard it,"
said Francesca. "Ah, he has dedicated it
to me as he promised."

"Go and sing it, Carlo; it suits you
well," said his mother.

"I am not well acquainted with your
Tennyson," she continued, turning to Cap-
tain Britton, "but it seems to me that
these words are melodious and well adapted
for music."

a single picture, a grand piano in the
middle of the room, a table strewn with
music-paper, books and pens, and a few
straight-backed chairs stiffly set around it,
completed the furniture of this mus-
ical anchorite. When Carlo en-
tered the room that morning he
found the old man poring over the score of
some opera, his shaggy gray hair tossed
back from his broad forehead, and the
shabbiness of his many-colored dressing-
gown fully revealed by the sunshine which
streamed in through the half-open *jalousies*.
He looked up as Carlo entered, giving him
a sharp, searching glance, as though to dis-
cover how the world went with him that
morning. Convinced by the radiant hap-
piness of his pupil's face that at present the
sky was cloudless, he grunted out a rather
surly "Buon giorno," and closed his book
with an air of reluctance.

"I want your congratulations, maestro,"
said Carlo, coming quickly forward.

"Nothing but the most filial obedience and
respect to yourself brought me away from
my paradise this morning. You must mingle
with praise your good wishes for our health
and happiness."

"Hail!" exclaimed the old man, pre-
tending not to catch his meaning. You
are an advocate, I understand; young
Ritter told me as much as that. *Corpo di
Bacco!* don't come to me for congratula-
tions. You've mistaken my profession.
You are wasting—yes, wasting, the noblest
gift of God."

"But, maestro, reflect; how is it possible
for me to use my voice as you would have
me? Would you wish me to leave my
mother? And then, moreover, there are
other considerations—I am about to be
married."

"Married!" The maestro turned away
with a groan. "Ah, then I wash my
hands of you! You are lost to art—lost to
the nobility of the professions! Farewell to
my hopes! All my efforts with you are
thrown away! You might have been the
pride of my old age and the delight of
Europe. Instead, you choose the career of
a lawyer and the cares of a woman."

"You speak scornfully, maestro," replied
the culprit, laughing. "I shall add two ad-
jectives to your bald remark—the useful
career and 'a perfect woman.' Why,
signor, you who know Miss Britton, would
be ready to make excuse for me. What
else could you expect? Is the Muse of
Harmony to take precedence of such an
one?"

"Great heaven!" cried Piale, in despair,
"hear him!" and it is in ungrateful
one that thou hast endowed with the voice
of a seraph and the dramatic power of a
Salvini!"

"My apologies to Salvini," said Carlo,
laughing merrily, "but that beloved
maestro, is bathos—a fine example."

His laughter was so infectious that Piale
was obliged to join in it; then, with a
shrug of his shoulders, he shuffled across to
the piano.

"You are incorrigible! I wash my hands
of you! But since you are in so jocular a
mood at the prospect of settling down to so
monotonous a life—"

"Maestro!" broke in Carlo, with indig-
nation.

"Do I speak unadvisedly?" said Piale
with sarcasm; "not at all. Oh, I will
well enough what it will be. You will sit
under your vine and under your fig tree,
and you will count the olive-branches
round your table—"

"Signor Piale!"

"And you will say as you look, 'I must
work hard, and you will become the speak-
ing machine of the Neapolitan criminals,
and you will use that divine gift for the
proclamation of lies, and you will debase
your fine dramatic genius and make it the
tool of the worthless and the guilty. Since
all this makes you in so gay a humor, come,
sing me your song from 'Il Barbiere.'"

Pursing up his lips, the old professor
began to play the accompaniment of "Largo
al Facotum"; and Carlo, entering into the
spirit of the thing, and with his sense of
humor touched by the analogy between the
barber's glorification of his profession and
the words that had just passed, sang mag-
nificently.

At the end there was unbroken silence.
The old professor sat lost in thought; Carlo
watched him with a smile on his lips. Then,
sautering across the room, sang *sotto voce*,
the recitative which followed, throwing
malicious meaning into the

"Ah! Che bella vita! Oh! Che mestiere!"

"It could not have been better sung!"
cried Piale, with a gesture of despair.

"Carlo, perhaps I have dealt unfairly by
you. I have never praised you, never told
you what I thought of your powers; I
feared to ruin that modesty which has
endeared you to me. But now it is time
that you seriously consider the matter.
There, there, don't interrupt me! Marry
if you will, and let your wife tend the
Signora Donati in your absence. But do
not allow so glorious a gift to rust unused."

"But, dear maestro," said Carlo, gravely,
"you do not realize that others do not
think of the profession as you do. Captain
Britton regards the theatre as the school
for hell; the stage is an abomination to
him. He fancies that all actors are like
that villain Merlino. And, indeed, it is
wonderful that he made no objection to
having as son-in-law one who is so deeply
compromised as I am. I suppose he hardly
realized the fact; he has almost forgotten
poor Nita's existence."

At the recollection of that sorrowful past
he sighed. Piale was quick to note how
the remembrance interfered with his present
happiness.

"Well, only a brute would dream of
holding you responsible for the sins of
others," he said, warmly.

"Tell me," said Carlo, "have you seen
any mention of my sister lately in any of
the musical papers?"

"I heard that Merlino's company had been
in America for the last two years, and that
Madame Merlino had made a good impres-
sion there—Well, I suppose I must say
no more, lad, but it is hard on a master to
have his best pupil lost to the world."

He changed the subject rather hastily.
He could not bear to bring back that cloud
to Carlo's brow by telling him the last news
of his sister.

His lesson over, Carlo began to ransack
the jewellers' shops, and having at last found
a broad gold gypsy ring with a single dia-
mond which satisfied him, he bent his steps
toward his uncle's house, conscious that
Guido Donati—a rather autocratic man—
would require early notice of his nephew's
engagement.

The interview passed off well. Uncle
Guido thoroughly approved of the marriage,

and treated his nephew in the most gener-
ous and paternal way, and Carlo came forth
in excellent spirits. All seemed to promise
well for his future life. Happy in his love,
with the prospect of a fair inheritance, a
hope which practically amounted to cer-
tainty of success in his profession, and with
the best of mothers and the truest of friends,
it seemed as if life could offer him nothing
more. His face was radiant as he greeted
Enrico Ritter.

"Well met!" he exclaimed, waylaying
Enrico, who, in a fit of abstraction, would
have passed him by.

"Oh, it is you!" exclaimed Enrico, look-
ing him critically in the face. "Well,
what news?"

"You will be requested to dance at my
wedding before long," said Carlo, gayly.

"So!" Enrico whistled.

"I took your advice, you see, *amico mio*,
and stayed at home, that you might not be
afflicted with the trouble of congratulating
me."

"Yes, yes," said Enrico, with a sarcastic
smile. "That is your kind way of putting
it—egoist that you are! You stayed to en-
joy yourself, and now you want to make
me believe that you were considering my
comfort and not your own. An egoist! A
double-dyed egoist!"

But his laughter was suddenly checked.
They were passing a hoarding in the Strada
S. Trinita; Carlo had glanced at one of the
placards, and now he clutched his friend's
arm.

"Enrico!" he gasped; "my sister's
name—I thought I saw it. Look for me; I
can't."

Huge black letters on a pink ground
danced in wild confusion before his eyes;
but surely it was that hateful name of
Merlino which had suddenly darkened his
sky, which had struck a blow at his heart
and left him stunned and bewildered.

"Dear old fellow, you must come on,"
said Enrico. "I didn't know those cursed
placards would be out yet; but it is true,
alas! only too true."

Carlo walked on mechanically, feeling as
though he had the nightmare. His thoughts
flew wildly from Francesca to Anita, from
his mother to Captain Britton, from his
uncle to Merlino. He had no definite ideas,
only a giddy confusion that the world,
so bright but a minute before, was now over-
shadowed, and that a nameless fear filled
his heart.

"Where" he faltered, after a brief
silence.

"The Mercadante," said Enrico, following
his train of thought, and understanding the
laconic question as a friend should.

"Let us come there," said Carlo.

Enrico silently complied. After a time
his friend looked up with another question.
"You knew of this before, then?"

Enrico signed an assent.

"The day I last saw you," he added,
after a pause.

"What! That thing you tore out of the
Piccolo? Why did you try to keep it from
me?"

"I wanted you to have a cloudless be-
trothal," said Enrico, rather reluctantly.

"Ah, *amico mio*!" exclaimed the other,
gratefully.

"You shield me thus, and then call
yourself an egoist!"

"Of course," said Enrico, who hated to
be caught in a friendly action. "It was
pure egoism. Naturally I wish you to be
happy, for it disturbs me and makes me un-
comfortable to see you as you are now.
Purely for my own sake I deferred the evil
day."

Carlo could not help smiling, even then,
at the energy with which his friend tried to
establish his own selfishness for the sake of
triumphing in his pet theory.

"I must find out whether they are yet in
Naples," he said, growing grave once more,
and trying hard to collect his thoughts.

"Oh, Enrico! how shall I break the news
to my mother? She is unfit to bear the
least shock."

"I would keep it from her, then—at any
rate, till you know what line your sister
intends to take," said Enrico. "But see,
we are close to the Mercadante. Shall I
make inquiries for you?"

"I wish you would," said Carlo, with a
look of relief. "Ask when the company
arrives in Naples, and where they are to be
found."

Enrico walked forward, Carlo following
more slowly; on past two open-air cafes,
with groups of idlers beneath a shady
trellis-work of vine and enonymus; on past
a stall gaily wreathed with lemons and
greenery, where thirsty Neapolitans were
drinking mineral water; on till the arsenal
was in sight, and the red tower of the
lighthouse, while in the foreground was the
Teatro Mercadante. Little had he thought
that the sight of its pink walls with their
white facings would ever have caused him
such strange emotion. Huge placards were
posted here in all directions. He read them
over and over in a sort of dream, taking in
little but that one name in larger type,
"Mademoiselle Merlino." At length
Enrico came forth, having made his in-
quiries.

"They do not seem to know the exact
date of their arrival," he said, in answer
to Carlo's mute question. "The man was
just going to his *siesta*, and was not best
pleased at being hindered. However, he
wrote down the address for me. You will
find them there whenever they do arrive.
It may be to-morrow or any day next
week. They are coming from America,
but by what route the fellow didn't know.
However, you see by the placards there are
no performances for another ten days."

Carlo took the paper and read the ad-
dress.

"I shall be here again to-morrow," he
said. "I will call and see if they have
arrived, and till then I shall say nothing to
my mother."

"That would be wise," said Enrico.
"Then she will be spared the worry and
uncertainty. You look tired, *amico mio*.
Come home with me and have your *siesta* in
peace."

"No," said Carlo; "I want to go home.
I want to tell Francesca."

"You can't ride back in this heat; you'll
get a sunstroke."

But he only shook his head, and, with an
unmistakable air of wishing to be alone,
said good-bye to his friend, and went to
order his horse.

Enrico turned to look after him. Pro-
found dejection was expressed in his walk.
The serpent had all too soon invaded his
paradise.

CHAPTER V.

They went together toward the house.
The Rose-room was Francesca's own little
sitting-room. It had a ceiling painted after

the Italian fashion with wreaths of pink
roses; it had cool, gray walls crowded with
a most miscellaneous collection of photo-
graphs and water-color sketches; it had
rose-colored curtains in figured muslin;
and, after the manner of rooms, it betrayed
its owner's chief failing—it was in wild dis-
order. Francesca was by no means im-
maculate; like other girls, she had her
faults, and untidiness was one of them.

"Try my rocking-chair," she said, re-
moving a guitar which reposed upon the
cushions, and trying to find a home, for
upon the crowded table. "I will be bad
directly."

Carlo, rescuing the guitar, which was in
imminent danger of falling, lay back in the
easy chair and waited, letting his hands
wander idly about among the strings. It
was sweet to feel already so entirely at
home at Casa Bella—its very confusion was
dear to him. Presently Francesca returned
bearing a big tumbler of St. Galmier, which
she sat down upon Dante's "Paradiso,"
selecting the finest of the lemons from her
branch.

"Lend me your knife, Carlino," she
said: "I've lost mine, as usual. There!"
as she cut open the cool, ripe fruit; "isn't
that a beauty? How much, I wonder, for
this glassful? I should think half. Ah,
how like me! I've forgotten the sugar."

Then, running to the door, "Sibyl! Sibyl!"
The little sister came flying down the pas-
sage.

"Run and fetch me some sugar, will you,
Sibyl, dear? Oh, bother? Now, what have
I done with the store-room key? Look,
darling, I think it must be on my
dressing table, or, perhaps, in the pocket of
my blue gown; or, if not, in my work
basket."

Sibyl ran away to hunt for the missing
key, and Francesca searched among the
contents of the table to see if by chance it
had been left there.

"Ah, Carlo mio!" she said, with a pretty
penitence, "I fear I am not as the ladies say
who advertise in the newspapers, 'thoroughly domesticated.' I shall have to
mend my evil ways now."

Carlo pretended not to understand what
"domesticated" meant, and they had much
merit over a dictionary, which declared
that it was to be "tame" and not "for-
eign."

Sibyl at last returned with the sugar
basin, claiming one lump as wages, and ac-
cepting another to run away. Then Fran-
cesca began to stir the contents of the
tumbler with an ivory paper-knife, since
spoons were not handy; and in much
laughter and love-like teasing Carlo forgot
all about the cloud-shadow that had arisen.

The ring fitted to perfection, and Fran-
cesca's delight was pretty to see; she was
not above a womanly weakness for jewelry,
and frankly owned that she always had
longed for just one diamond.

"And what about the old maestro?" she
exclaimed, at last. "You never told me
how he bore the news."

"Well, dear old Piale was, or pretended
to be, a good deal depressed. It seems that
he really had set his heart on my going on
the stage, and had not at all realized how
impossible that would be."

"Yet you do not feel as my father does
about theatre-going?" said Francesca.

"And Clare! Don't you remember what
arguments we used to have with dear Clare
about it?"

"Yes, she was dead against it; but then
she was brought up in a Puritan family, and
the old prejudices lingered with her. For
me, I have no feeling whatever of that sort,
but nevertheless the life of an operatic
singer is quite the last I should willingly
choose. Piale talks scoffingly of the hum-
drum life of an advocate; but for my part I
shall be very well content to stay at home,
with the hope of some day following in my
father's steps and doing a little for the
country. Think of the wretchedness of a
wandering life! It's all very well to talk
about delightful Europe—practically one
would be little better than an exile—and
into the bargain, Piale owns that art re-
quires the sacrifice of domestic life."

"I knew he would not approve of me,"
said Francesca, laughing. "We must have
him to our wedding, Carlo, and he shall
make a speech. What fun he will be!"

Just for a minute, as they talked of
theatrical life, Carlo's thoughts had re-
verted to Nita, but Francesca's reference to
the wedding soon dispersed the cloud. He
had most markedly the Italian faculty of
living wholly in the present, and enjoying
it much as a child enjoys life. They lin-
gered long in the rose-room. Later on,
when the heat of the afternoon was passed,
they walked through the garden and down
the vine-clad slopes to the beach, where old
Florestano sat smoking his pipe with his
back against a boat. He sprang up, on
seeing them, as quickly as his rheumatism
would permit.

"Going for a row, signor?" he said, when
he had finished his lengthy congratulations,
and had made Francesca blush deliciously.

"Yes," said Carlo, flinging his coat into
the stern; "but we shan't want you any
more"; and, with a laugh, he shoved the
boat down to the water's edge.

"Ah, signorina," said the old fisherman,
chuckling, "he is one to be proud of, that
he is. Why, I do declare, he might be a
fisherman. Look at him now."

And with delighted pride the old man
watched the skill with which the strong,
active figure in straw hat and shirt-sleeves
set to work. Carlo looked round with a
bright, glowing face. "Come, Francesca,
let us be off, Goodbye, Florestano. Ah,
wait a minute, though! Have a cigar!"

He handed his case to the old fisherman,
who helped himself with a smiling face;
then he shoved the boat into the water,
sprang in, and, taking the oars, rowed off
toward Ischia.

(To be continued.)

Preferred an Axe.

Detroit Free Press "Can you split
wood with dexterity?" she asked of the
tramp who was looking for a job.

"No'm, I allus uses an axe," was the un-
expected answer.

Stale.

Judge: Jaysmith—I'm going to sue the
Hovler for libel. It called me a thief.

McWatty—But papers are allowed to
print the news, you know.

Jaysmith—But that isn't news.

McWatty—True enough. Everybody
knows it now.

—All petitions to the British House of
Commons must be in handwriting, and may
not be printed.

the best!" he
orace. "Oh,
man in Italy."
signora.
nine!" he broke
will see her soon,

if. He will bring her
you. No one could
friendly. I saw him first,
then he told me I might speak to
should find her in the garden.
her first thought was for you,
she will be to you the daughter
much needed."

started to the mother's eyes.

na! Now I have grieved you,
de you think of poor Nita; happi-
made me forget all else. Forgive me,
little mother; I did not mean to make you
think of the past."

"Ah!" sobbed the Signora Donati. "How
can I help thinking of it, Carlino, when the
contrast is so sharp—you coming to me
thus with your joy, as a son should, and
Nita bringing me only shame and grief and
disgrace—not even sending me one line of
love or regret all these years?"

"She will come back, little mother—she
will come back," he said, soothingly.
"Some day she will feel her need of you.
Don't cry to-night, of all nights in the year.
I shall take it as a bad omen."

Years had raised no barrier between
these two; Carlo was as frank and open with
his mother as when he had been a child;
she had shared all his hopes and fears dur-
ing his long time of probation, and now she
shared his joy, and was soon coaxed back to
cheerfulness, as he told her more of what
had passed at Casa Bella. She was
quite herself again as she went into
dinner upon his arm; her grief
was forgotten, she laughed merrily at his
account of Enrico's philosophical counsels,
and felt a glow of pride and happiness as
she looked across the table at her son, who
had been all in all to her for so many years.
Carlo was too happy to be hungry, but he
pledged his mother over a bottle of Orvieto,
and they drank Francesca's health, and
clinked glasses, and made merry.

The tete-a-tete dinner at the Casa Bella
was quieter, but happy, too, in its way.
The old captain beamed silently from behind
the screen. Francesca looked radiant.
They talked fitfully of the weather, of the
orange crop, of the silk-worms, of the last
letter from England—of everything, in fact,
except the one subject that was nearest
their hearts; but then old Dino was waiting,
and it behooved them to keep up appear-
ances. Their tongues were unloosed by the
appearance of Sibyl and the dessert, and the
disappearance of the servant.

"Sibyl," said the captain, taking the
little girl on his knee, "what would you
think if we were to have a wedding here?"

"A wedding, father?" Sibyl clapped her
hands with delight. "Oh, may I be the
bride? Father! I may I be the bride!"

"No," said the father, laughing, "that
character is bespoken. You will have to be
my little housekeeper. Francesca is to be
the bride. There, you must drink her health:
Long life and happiness to the future Sig-
nora Donati."

Sibyl obediently repeated the words, but
made a wry face over the claret.

"What horrid stuff, daddy. Do give
me a bit of your orange, quick." Then,
with her mouth very full, "But Fran can't
be Signora Donati."

"Oh, yes, she can when she marries
Carlo," said the captain.

"Married Carlo?" echoed Sibyl, in aston-
ishment. "Dear me, will Carlo be married?
What a bother! I suppose he'll never play
games and be jolly any more?"

"Why not?" said Francesca, laughing.

"Oh, he won't," said Sibyl, looking wise
and elderly. "I know he won't. I asked
nurse the other day what it meant to be
married, and she said it was when people
grew steady and settled down."

The two elders laughed heartily.

"But he will be your brother, you know,
Sibyl, and brothers always play," said
Francesca.

"Carlo my brother?"

"Your brother-in-law."

"Oh, yes, I know about that—that's
what he had put on his cards," said Sibyl,
triumphantly; "so he must have known he
was going to be my brother before he came
here; Dino said that long word was in-
law."

Then, before Captain Britton had done
laughing, Sibyl convulsed her companions
by solemnly raising the glass to her lips
again, and repeating in the gravest way
imaginable, "Long life and many games to
my future brother-in-law."

Francesca was eager to go in quickly to
see Signora Donati, but she had to wait till
Sibyl was tucked up in bed and her father
had finished his after-dinner nap. Then she
threw a white woolly shawl about her head
and shoulders, slipped her arm into the
captain's and crossed over to the Villa
Bruno. The signora was alone; she came

Remembering Enrico's advice to keep his
happiness to himself, Carlo took a holiday,
and stayed at home till the end of the week,
when, partly prompted by a conscientious
wish to break the news to Piale, and to
keep his usual appointment with the old
maestro on Saturday morning, partly be-
cause he wished to search for a betrothal
ring to his mind, he ordered his horse and
rode into Naples.

Piale lived over a shop in the Strada
Mont' Oliveto. His apartments were fur-
nished in a Spartan manner, without the
least attempt at comfort or picturesqueness.
A marble floor, unrelieved by carpet or
mat, walls painted in pale green, but bare

He changed the subject rather hastily.
He could not bear to bring back that cloud
to Carlo's brow by telling him the last news
of his sister.

His lesson over, Carlo began to ransack
the jewellers' shops, and having at last found
a broad gold gypsy ring with a single dia-
mond which satisfied him, he bent his steps
toward his uncle's house, conscious that
Guido Donati—a rather autocratic man—
would require early notice of his nephew's
engagement.

The interview passed off well. Uncle
Guido thoroughly approved of the marriage,

and treated his nephew in the most gener-
ous and paternal way, and Carlo came forth
in excellent spirits. All seemed to promise
well for his future life. Happy in his love,
with the prospect of a fair inheritance, a
hope which practically amounted to cer-
tainty of success in his profession, and with
the best of mothers and the truest of friends,
it seemed as if life could offer him nothing
more. His face was radiant as he greeted
Enrico Ritter.

"Well met!" he exclaimed, waylaying
Enrico, who, in a fit of abstraction, would
have passed him by.

"Oh, it is you!" exclaimed Enrico, look-
ing him critically in the face. "Well,
what news?"

"You will be requested to dance at my
wedding before long," said Carlo, gayly.

"So!" Enrico whistled.

"I took your advice, you see, *amico mio*,
and stayed at home, that you might not be
afflicted with the trouble of congratulating
me."

"Yes, yes," said Enrico, with a sarcastic
smile. "That is your kind way of putting
it—egoist that you are! You stayed to en-
joy yourself, and now you want to make
me believe that you were considering my
comfort and not your own. An egoist! A
double-dyed egoist!"

But his laughter was suddenly checked.
They were passing a hoarding in the Strada
S. Trinita; Carlo had glanced at one of the
placards, and now he clutched his friend's
arm.

"Enrico!" he gasped; "my sister's
name—I thought I saw it. Look for me; I
can't."

Huge black letters on a pink ground
danced in wild confusion before his eyes;
but surely it was that hateful name of
Merlino which had suddenly darkened his
sky, which had struck a blow at his heart
and left him stunned and bewildered.

"Dear old fellow, you must come on,"
said Enrico. "I didn't know those cursed
placards would be out yet; but it is true,
alas! only too true."

Carlo walked on mechanically, feeling as
though he had the nightmare. His thoughts
flew wildly from Francesca to Anita, from
his mother to Captain Britton, from his
uncle to Merlino. He had no definite ideas,
only a giddy confusion that the world,
so bright but a minute before, was now over-
shadowed, and that a nameless fear filled
his heart.

"Where" he faltered, after a brief
silence.

"The Mercadante," said Enrico, following
his train of thought, and understanding the
laconic question as a friend should.

"Let us come there," said Carlo.

Enrico silently complied. After a time
his friend looked up with another question.
"You knew of this before, then?"

Enrico signed an assent.

"The day I last saw you," he added,
after a pause.

"What! That thing you tore out of the
Piccolo? Why did you try to keep it from
me?"

"I wanted you to have a cloudless be-
trothal," said Enrico, rather reluctantly.

"Ah, *amico mio*!" exclaimed the other,
gratefully.

"You shield me thus, and then call
yourself an egoist!"

"Of course," said Enrico, who hated to
be caught in a friendly action. "It was
pure egoism. Naturally I wish you to be
happy, for it disturbs me and makes me un-
comfortable to see you as you are now.
Purely for my own sake I deferred the evil
day."

Carlo could not help smiling, even then,
at the energy with which his friend tried to
establish his own selfishness for the sake of
triumphing in his pet theory.

"I must find out whether they are yet in
Naples," he said, growing grave once more,
and trying hard to collect his thoughts.

"Oh, Enrico! how shall I break the news
to my mother? She is unfit to bear the
least shock."

"I would keep it from her, then—at any
rate, till you know what line your sister
intends to take," said Enrico. "But see,
we are close to the Mercadante. Shall I
make inquiries for you?"

"I wish you would," said Carlo, with a
look of relief. "Ask when the company
arrives in Naples, and where they are to be
found."

Enrico walked forward, Carlo following
more slowly; on past two open-air cafes,
with groups of idlers beneath a shady
trellis-work of vine and enonymus; on past
a stall gaily wreathed with lemons and
greenery, where thirsty Neapolitans were
drinking mineral water; on till the arsenal
was in sight, and the red tower of the
lighthouse, while in the foreground was the
Teatro Mercadante. Little had he thought
that the sight of its pink walls with their
white facings would ever have caused him
such strange emotion. Huge placards were
posted here in all directions. He read them
over and over in a sort of dream, taking in
little but that one name in larger type,
"Mademoiselle Merlino." At length
Enrico came forth, having made his in-
quiries.

"They do not seem to know the exact
date of their arrival," he said, in answer
to Carlo's mute question. "The man was
just going to his *siesta*, and was not best
pleased at being hindered. However, he
wrote down the address for me. You will
find them there whenever they do arrive.
It may be to-morrow or any day next
week. They are coming from America,
but by what route the fellow didn't know.
However, you see by the placards there are
no performances for another ten days."

Carlo took the paper and read the ad-
dress.

"I shall be here again to-morrow," he
said. "I will call and see if they have
arrived, and till then I shall say nothing to
my mother."

"That would be wise," said Enrico.
"Then she will be spared the worry and
uncertainty. You look tired, *amico mio*.
Come home with me and have your *siesta* in
peace."

"No," said Carlo; "I want to go home.
I want to tell Francesca."

"You can't ride back in this heat; you'll
get a sunstroke."

But he only shook his head, and, with an
unmistakable air of wishing to be alone,
said good-bye to his friend, and went to
order his horse.

Enrico turned to look after him. Pro-
found dejection was expressed in his walk.
The serpent had all too soon invaded his
paradise.

CHAPTER V.

They went together toward the house.
The Rose-room was Francesca's own little
sitting-room. It had a ceiling painted after

the Italian fashion with wreaths of pink
roses; it had cool, gray walls crowded with
a most miscellaneous collection of photo-
graphs and water-color sketches; it had
rose-colored curtains in figured muslin;
and, after the manner of rooms, it betrayed
its owner's chief failing—it was in wild dis-
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MIDNITECHO

22 JUL 1992

991.44

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN
THE
COUNTY COUNCIL OF THE
PROVISIONAL COUNTY OF
HALIBURTON.

WILL MEET IN THE COURT HOUSE, MINDEN

—On—
Tuesday, Jan. 26th, 1892.

at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, for the
Election of a Warden and the transac-
tion of General Business, connected
with the said Municipal Corporation.

Co. Clerk's Office, } J. H. DELAMERE
Minden, Jan. 14th. } County Clerk

Neat Job Work Executed at
This Office. Prices will be
Found Very Low.

Provisional County of Haliburton.

TREASURER'S
Sale of Lands.
FOR TAXES.

PROVISIONAL COUNTY
—OF—
HALIBURTON
—To Wit—

over upon the lands hereinafter mentioned and described, being in the Provisional County of Haliburton. These are therefore to give notice that unless the said taxes, together with all the lawful costs and charges be sooner paid, I shall on Tuesday, twenty-second day of March, 1892, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon, at the Town Hall, Minden, in the said Provisional County, proceed to sell by public auction the said lands, or so much thereof as may be sufficient to discharge such arrears, and costs and charges incurred,

Description.	Lot.	Con.	Acres.	Taxes.	Costs.	Total.	Remarks.
Township of Stanhope.							
33	A	100	\$ 8 67	\$1 81	\$10 38		Unpatented.
29	1	96	33 33	2 45	30 33		Patented.
28	3	101	29 81	2 35	32 16		Unpatented.
31	0	100	31 42	2 39	33 81		Patented.
24	7	100	34 20	2 46	37 75		Unpatented.
Township of Sherbornne.							
5	A	68	10 67	2 02	18 69		Unpatented.
6	A	80	17 83	2 05	19 88		Unpatented.
28	11	100	29 04	2 33	31 37		Unpatented.
29	11	101	29 04	2 33	31 37		Unpatented.
North East Part	22	12	5	8 02	1 80	9 82	Patented.
North Part	23	12	12	9 32	1 83	11 15	Patented.
Township of Anson.							
26	A	100	21 17	2 13	23 30		Patented.
29	A	100	21 17	2 13	23 30		Patented.
11	2	30	16 11	2 00	18 11		Unpatented.
8	3	99	35 85	2 50	38 35		Patented.
9	6	100	19 25	2 08	21 33		Unpatented.
5	7	100	18 51	2 06	20 56		Unpatented.
Township of Hindon.							
4	A	82	20 94	2 12	23 06		Patented.
11	A	100	14 55	1 96	16 51		Unpatented.
12	A	100	14 55	1 96	16 51		Unpatented.
Township of Dysart.							
24	5	102	17 39	2 03	19 42		Patented.
22	7	95	57 32	3 03	60 35		Patented.
23	7	50	22 07	2 17	24 24		Patented.
9	11	100	57 96	3 05	61 01		Patented.
Village of Haliburton.							
Block 10	4	(2)	14 97	1 97	16 94		Patented.
Township of Glamorgan.							
North Part	1	1	158	18 94	2 07	21 01	Patented.
South Part	7	1	113	51 85	2 90	54 75	Patented.
	20	4	52	22 20	2 15	24 35	Patented.
	31	6	100	34 15	2 45	36 60	Patented.
	26	9	50	4 02	1 72	5 74	Unpatented.
	25	11	95	37 09	2 53	39 62	Patented.
	29	11	100	8 05	1 80	9 85	Unpatented.
	30	11	99	7 98	1 80	9 78	Unpatented.
	12	14	100	33 78	2 44	36 22	Unpatented.
South Part	2	15	136	40 70	2 62	43 32	Unpatented.
	8	15	133	13 10	1 09	15 09	Unpatented.
	10	15	138	43 06	2 68	45 74	Unpatented.
Township of Minden.							
	4	9	100	25 86	2 26	28 12	Unpatented.
	24	9	100	39 44	2 69	42 03	Patented.
	2	10	100	23 15	2 18	25 33	Unpatented.
	3	11	100	23 15	2 18	25 33	Unpatented.
	24	13	100	29 57	2 34	31 91	Unpatented.
	31	13	100	29 17	2 33	31 50	Unpatented.
Township of Cardiff.							
	28	1	100	15 01	1 93	16 94	Unpatented.
Township of Lutterworth.							
	7	1	75	34 95	2 48	37 43	Patented.
	8	1	46	26 94	2 27	29 21	Patented.
	9	1	66	30 58	2 36	32 04	Patented.
	20	12	99	33 54	2 44	35 98	Patented.
	19	13	100	20 37	2 11	22 48	Patented.
	20	A	120	31 55	2 39	33 94	Patented.
Island D. Gull Lake		7	14 61	1 97	16 58		Patented.
Township of Snowdon.							
	7	1	110	40 93	2 62	43 55	Patented.
	8	1	110	40 93	2 62	43 55	Patented.
North Part	19	1	65	24 24	2 21	26 45	Patented.
	18	3	100	27 45	2 20	29 74	Patented.
	24	3	100	34 22	2 46	36 68	Patented.
	25	4	100	35 55	2 49	38 04	Patented.
	27	4	100	39 95	2 60	42 55	Patented.
	21	12	100	30 20	2 36	32 56	Patented.
	29	12	100	16 41	2 01	18 42	Unpatented.

M. BROWN, COUNTY TREASURER.

County Treasurer's Office, Minden, Dec. 12th, 1891.

The above list was first published in THE MINDEN ECHO, on the 18th day of Dec., 1891.

...quantities of hay is being
...by the farmers north of Minden
...amount, where it seems to be rather
...crop.

The Port Perry ice races yesterday re-
sulted as follows: three minute trot, 10
entries—Dick Smith 1, Manlio L. 2, Daisy
D 3; best time 2:37. 2:32 class, four
entries—Vayflower 1, FOP 2, Paddy
Tricks 3; best time 2:33.

GLAMORGAN

The sittings of the third Div. Court were
held on the 13th at Gooderham, and the 14th
inst. at Chedday, when His Honor, Judge
Dean, heard the following cases:—

Graham vs. Morrison, \$8.44 for a note and
account; judgment for plaintiff for \$3.20
with costs for attendance. Defendant was
made to apologize for some expression of feel-
ing against plaintiff after judgment was
given.

C. J. Pusey v. Mrs. St. George and C. J.
Pusey v. Wm. Checkley were at plaintiff's
request by his agent, adjourned to next
court, for he was unable to be present now,
on account of his wife's death.

Matthew Johnston v. W. Roberts, \$41.00
Pro's Note given for a horse. Def't tried to
prove the horse was not as represented, but
judgment was given for full amount.

Hadley v. James and Christopher John-
ston, \$21.61 store account. The wife had
the goods, the husband being in the States.
The husband was charged for the goods in
the books of plaintiff, and as he, the husband,
had not been served with summons, could
not have judgment made against him, but
judgment was given for the wife.

Hadley v. Thomas Duck, \$29.35, disputed
matter in a horse trade. Plaintiff gave a
horse for a cow and yoke of steers. He said
he was to have two good ewes as well, but
by def't's contention they were only to be
given in case he was fully satisfied with the
horse. His Honor thought this loose bargain
unlikely, and gave judgment for \$22.35, not
admitting plaintiff's right to have pay for
two fleeces and two lambs, that the sheep
would have had since.

Hadley v. John Madill, \$15.00 store ac-
count, \$4.50 paid into court. This His Honor
said was settled by the Statute, that said
no man could be made liable for another's
debt, unless his consent in writing was ob-
tained. This being a claim on the father for
the son's debt, judgment for defendant.

At Chedday much interest was taken in
the cases, judging by the attendance. Jno.
Wilson v. Geo. Lewis \$15.61 for loss from
breach of contract. At last court, a suit Peel
v. Wilson was mainly for the gun in question.
A member of Wilson's family borrowed the
gun from Peel. Peel, this person thought,
owed him money, and he sold the gun to
Lewis for \$3 with an understanding that there
should be a return made of the gun for
\$3 if applied for at the suit Peel v. Wilson.
Wilson was to return the gun or pay \$9 and
costs. Lewis would not give up the gun for
\$3 when offered that, and Wilson applied for
a new trial of his suit with Peel on the
ground that Peel had tried to tamper with
the judgment by offering Peel a larger sum.
The Judge did not grant a re-hearing, but
stayed proceedings pending this suit of Wil-
son v. Lewis. He now gave judgment for
\$3 and costs against Lewis, and varied the
former judgment by striking off the costs.

J. F. McMillan v. G. Patterson, \$19.16;
Defendant was willing to give a steer and
2482 feet of lumber in satisfaction of the
debt which plaintiff accepted; judgment ac-
cordingly.

The Deer Lake Cheese Factory against
Robert Huston, \$37; John Ennis, \$20.80;
Robert Peel and Jemima Peel, \$46.80, for
non-fulfilment of contract to supply milk.
The point of contention was that the con-
tract was with a person named Third, who
transferred the Factory and contracts to-
gether to the company. His Honor ruled in a
previous case in this court, that where the
parties admitted a consent to the transfer by
sending milk to the Company's Factory they
were liable to fulfill the contract made to
Third. In the case of Peel, who had not been
served with summons being in Michigan, but
who had sent no milk since the company was
formed; judgment for the wife was given.
In the other cases judgment was reserved.

Much adverse criticism on the manage-
ment of the Factory, most of it mere gossip
and hearsay was given, and the Judge said
in conclusion he was much grieved at it, for
God had evidently given the cows, and then
food and water and a factory, which accen-
sories had redeemed counties from debt, and
here they nullified these blessings by their
want of charity one with another. He hoped
they would take his words to heart and
amend this and they would succeed.

Many Ladies
have written that Clark's Catarrh Cure has
relieved them, restoring perfectly in every
sense. Through gratitude they have con-
sented that their names be published. Yet the
Clark Chemical Company will not use this
means to advertise their remedy. They will
not parade the sufferings of any one, or invade
the sacred privacy of any home. Any suf-
ferer from catarrh will recommend Clark's
Catarrh Cure, and that good word is worth
more than the published certificate. Clark
Chemical Company, Toronto, New York.

We clip the following from a Dakota
paper.

Mrs. A. Hillier, of Cashel, went through
Grafton Monday on her way to Crystal to
join her husband, who has decided to locate
there.

J. E. and E. Hillier were in the city Mon-
day. The latter was a little uneasy about
the report of his marriage in some of the
papers last week. He pleads not guilty, but
swears the rash act onto his brother, J. E.

Mr. Austin Hillier, well known and much
respected in and about Grafton, who has
been contracting and building in the brisk
little town of Crystal, has decided to make
that bug his future place of abode and is
building himself a commodious and comfort-
able house, and this week Mrs. Hillier joins
him to make his sojourn more comfortable
and home like. They will both be missed
about Grafton, and especially by the Grafton
Baptist church of which they have been
for many years, faithful, constant and devout
members. Grafton's loss in this case will be
Crystal's gain.

Mr. George Bouillon, who has just died at
Father Point, Que., lived 92 years, and never
knew pain or a day's sickness until his final
illness.

Subscribe for the Echo,
Only One Dollar a Year

For Over Fifty Years.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been
used by millions of mothers for their chil-
dren while teething. If disturbed at night
and broken of your rest by a sick child suf-
fering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth
send at once a bottle of "Mrs. Wins-
low's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teeth-
ing. It will relieve the poor little sufferer
immediately. Depend upon it, mothers,
there is no mistake about it. It cures Diar-
rhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels,
cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, and re-
duces Inflammation, and gives tone and en-
ergy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's
Soothing Syrup" for children teething is
pleasant to the taste and is the prescription
of one of the oldest and best female physi-
cians and nurses in the United States. Price
twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all drug-
gists throughout the world. Be sure and ask
for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

Editor—What kind of an article is this in
the news department? I've read it through
three times, and can make neither head nor
tail of it. It is positively meaningless.
Managing Editor—Yes, I know; that got
into the news columns by mistake. It was
intended for the editorial page.

Team For Sale

A SPAN of 5 year old horses, a good
heavy team, sound and gentle in har-
ness, fit for lumbering or any other
work, being good roadsters, will be sold
cheap for cash, or would take a pair of
colts rising 2 years old in part pay-
ment. This is a good chance for any
person wanting a really good team.

Apply to GEORGE SMITH,
14 St. Scotch Line, Anson.

Chopping Mill

THE subscriber is prepared to do cus-
tom chopping of all kinds of grain at
eight cents per bag on Wednesdays and
Thursdays on his premises, Lot 9, Con-
1, Minden.

Francis Graham.
Minden, 15th Dec., 1891.

R. G. HAIGHT,

The Farmer's Friend
& Licensed Peddler.

We will buy everything you have to
sell, and sell you most everything
you want to buy.

Bring Along
Your Old Iron.
Your Old Copper.
Your Old Brass.
Your Old Rubbers.
Your Old Rags.
Your Wool.
Your Wool Pickings.

For which we will pay a higher price
than any one in the Village.

In our Peddling Van we will endeav-
or to carry a choice mixture of

DRY GOODS, T, TOBACCOS.
GROCERIES & TINWARE.

R. G. Haight & Co.
We Buy Bones Also.

Hollow Ware

What's all that noise about?

Why its Pots and Pans, Spiders, Boilers
and Cookstoves, dropping to such low
prices that you never heard the like.

What do you think of a

Good Cook Stove for \$14.00.

If you doubt it, call and see for your-
selves at

M. Morrison,
MINDEN.

BEATTY'S
Organs

ARE THE BEST.

Write for Catalogue.

DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

William Eastman,
Blacksmith, Horse-shoer

—AND—
GENERAL - - - JOBBER

Careful personal attention given to
Horse-shoeing, everything in Black-
smithing attended to promptly. Work
warranted and prices moderate.

Call and give me a trial.
W. EASTMAN,
Minden

BEATTY'S
Pianos

IN USE EVERYWHERE

Write for Catalogue.

DANIEL F. BEATTY,
Washington, New Jersey.

In the Matter of Peter Ferguson
of the Village of Minden.

THE above named Peter Ferguson
has made an assignment to me for the
benefit of his Creditors under R.S.O.
Chap. 124.

All persons indebted to him must pay
the amount of their accounts to Wm.
Gainer of the Village of Minden, at
once, to save Costs.

R. G. HECTOR,
Assignee
66 Bay Street,
Toronto, 20th May, 1891.

PUMPS.

I beg leave to say that I have started the
manufacture of Pumps with turned heads
and Pipes. Timber all steamed, thus taking
the sap out and preventing it from spoiling
the taste of the water. I make a hardwood,
or galvanized steel lined cylinder, according
to your wish and attend to the repairing
all makes of pumps.

Terms moderate Give me a call.

J. H. DAVID,
Ingoldsby.

Valuable Improved Farm
FOR SALE.

THE subscriber offers for sale on easy
terms, Lots 12, 13 & 14, Concession A,
in the Township of Anson, containing
246 acres with large clearing and a
never-failing spring creek flowing through
the property, which is situated within
2 1/2 miles of the village of Minden, with-
in half a mile of a good school and a
mile and a half of a cheese factory, on
good leading road.

There is a good hewed log dwelling
house on the property 32 x 26 with ad-
dition 22 x 16, log barn 66 x 26, stable
22 x 16, shed 37 x 16, all well roofed
and shingled.

This would make a first-class stock or
dairy farm and will be sold on terms of
easy payment for further particulars
apply to

RICHARD LINDSAY,
Minden P.O.

TAILORING!

—IT WILL—

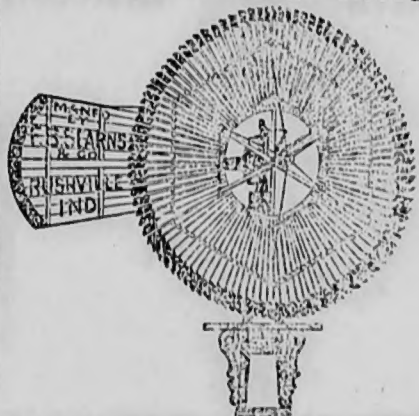
PAY YOU
TO GIVE ME A CALL

HERE YOU ORDER YOUR

Fall & Winter Suits

G. ROWLISON,
KINMOUNT.

THE
Stearns Wind Mill



The Only Flexible Wheel Wind Mill

MANUFACTURED
Can graduate the speed of wheel as low as 13
strokes per minute in strong winds.
We use only 19 different pieces in the entire
construction of the iron work.
Our mill cannot be equalled for simplicity,
power and self-governing principles.

We Manufacture
Tanks, Pumps and Wind Mill
SUPPLIES

Of every description. Reliable agents want-
ed in unoccupied territory. ADDRESS
F. B. STEARNS & CO.,
Rushville, Ind., U. S. A.
Send for Catalogue.

AMIDEN ECHO

22 / 1 / 1592

901544

A Man's Man.
He sits with his well balanced head thrown back
Conversing with mademoiselle;
And he knows such a lot about everything
That he talks quite uncommonly well.
He gives her his views on a ball game or two,
Discusses a new book or play,
Then makes an assertion he doesn't believe,
Just to hear what the poor thing can say.

But if her big brother strolls into the room—
How now! What a change do we see!
Miss Rosebud is out of it—that's very plain,
No further attraction has she.
They jump on their hobbies and off they career,
Talking science, athletics, or art,
Till the clock interrupts with a warning so clear,
That he hastens at once to depart.

Woman's Woman.

At the Ribbons.
The girl was of character forceful,
And she often declared she'd contrive
To get, when she married, a husband
Submissive—a man she could drive.

She got him, and after the marriage
At once put in motion her will,
And for years with a run that was gentle
She drove him with consummate skill.

At length she resorted to spurring.
And drove him to misery's brink;
Then over the precipice plunged him,
For she finally drove him to drink.

A Later "Beautiful Snow."
"Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,"
That we looked for and longed for a full month
ago.
Is coming at last, so fleecy and light,
To hide all defects beneath its mantle of white.
Gay prancing steeds speed about to and fro,
And the bells ringing welcome the beautiful
snow;
There are gay hearts and sad, as the snow falls
to-day;
Some brimful of joy, some too sad to pray,
Would God this pure mantle could hide from
our sight,
That crime in our city, that crime black as
night,
There are mothers to-day that wish long, long
ago,
They had laid their dear boys 'neath the beautiful
snow.
God pity those boys, they know nothing but
woe,
Forgive them and shield them with thy mantle
of snow,
Buffalo, Jan. 6th, 1892. W. R.

HOW TO KILL RATS.

Give Them Limburger Cheese and Brimstone.

Detroit News: In a recent issue of the
News I saw an article headed "Postoffice
Rats," wherein the long-tailed beauties are
clamoring for positions under the adminis-
tration. Four years ago I moved into a
house in Milwaukee which was infested
with rats of all sizes and as numerous as
the sands of the sea. I, as did the post-
master, tried every known means to exter-
minate the intruders, without the desired
results. We were just on the eve of mov-
ing into other quarters when an idea struck
me. I purchased two tricks of limburger
cheese and two pounds of brimstone. I cut
the cheese into small bits and, mixed
with the stanic powder, put the compound
into an iron vessel and placed the same in
the centre of the cellar. I then removed
all eatables (which we were compelled to
keep in the tin-lined boxes), then closing
windows and doors, set fire to the "sinner's
doom." Twenty-four hours thereafter I
took a 20-foot pole, with a hook fastened to
one end, and jerked the window out. After
24 hours more I ventured into the cellar,
and to my great joy and surprise I gathered
up seven bushels and a half of dead rats,
which had been enticed into the cellar by
the cheese and suffocated by the fumes of
the sulphur before they could get back to
their holes. I give the above recipe before
the new year, as I intend turning over a
new leaf on that day.

THE EXPRESS DEAL.

The Grand Trunk Likely to absorb the Dominion Express Co.

A Montreal despatch says: "The
Dominion Express Company and the alleged
deal with the Grand Trunk is the topic of
conversation in railroad circles. Neither
Mr. Cheney nor the Grand Trunk authori-
ties care to speak, but it is the general
impression that there is something on the
carpet. Sir Richard Cartwright and Mr.
George A. Cox, of Toronto, are both heavily
interested in the Dominion company and
have been paying frequent visits to Mon-
treal recently to consult with Mr. Cheney.
A gentleman well posted in G. T. R. matters
states that it is generally understood the G.
T. R. will absorb the express business of the
Dominion and that the change will come in
the near future."

They Won't Tell.

The occasion was the funeral of a promi-
nent citizen who had been a Free Mason.
A delegation of brother Masons had at-
tended, and they had just come out of the
house and were waiting to enter the car-
riages assigned to them. They were part
of their regalia, which attracted the atten-
tion of the ever-present small boys, to
whom funerals are all one with weddings,
considered as food for curiosity.

"Say, Jimmy, where are they?" asked one
of an another, in an audible whisper.
Jimmy glanced at the embroidered as he
said, "Why, don't you know what those are,
Johnny?" he said, with the contempt of
superior knowledge for ignorance.

"No; what are they?"
"Well, you are stupid! Why, them's
the fellows that know something they won't
tell!"

A Poor Rule, etc.

Judge: Agitator—I tell you this eight-
hour work day is going to do a lot of good
to the mass of employed people. By the
way, Sarah, is supper ready?
Agitator's wife—No; my eight hours was
up at 5.30 to-day.

Hard to Match.

New York Herald: Mrs. De Gush—I
never expect to find a husband like poor
Willie.
Mrs. De Gush—Why not?
Mrs. De Gush—It would be hard to match
that shade.

A French scientist has invented a practi-
cal machine for adding columns of figures.
It is expected to be a great boon to book-
keepers, for, according to all accounts, it is
simply constructed and can be easily used.
"I am at your service, ma'am," as the
burglar said when the lady of the house
caught him stealing the silverware.

The theatres in London regularly employ
over 12,000 people.

THE CARDS WERE STACKED.

And December Called Rather a Doubtful May's bluff.

Thomas Maxwell, of Austin, Texas, and
Miss Belle Taylor, of Green Bay, Wisconsin,
will not exchange Christmas presents this
year, but they came very near doing it.

Some time ago Mr. Maxwell, who owns a
large cattle ranch in Texas, came across a
copy of a Chicago paper which contained an
advertisement to the effect that "a young,
handsome brunette, 20 years of age, of lively
disposition, wished to correspond with a
wealthy gentleman, with a view to matrimony."
He wrote a few tender thoughts to the
"young, handsome brunette," who
proved to be Miss Belle Taylor, of
Green Bay, Wisconsin. They were ex-
changed photographs. They were to
meet here and be married to-morrow,
a Chicago special to the World says. Miss
Taylor landed in Chicago this morning.
Where they met is not known, but at noon
the big policeman who guards the ladies'
waiting room at the Milwaukee & St. Paul
depot observed a woman of uncertain age
sitting all by herself in a corner. She was
weeping hysterically. She confided to the
officer that she had been the victim of a
gross deception.

"Look at that tintype," she sobbed.
"How old would you take that man to be?"
"That man's about 30 years old, I should
say," replied the attendant.
"Thirty! He's a good deal more than
60. He's nothing but a wretched old fraud.
I'm out of my fare from Green Bay to Chicago.
Can't I have him arrested for obtaining
money under false pretences?"

Over the gentlemen's waiting room of the
Chicago & Alton, in the same depot, a
weather beaten man of 60 was saying to
another policeman: "To think that an old
woman like that should fool me! Sent me
the photograph of her youngest sister and
had the audacity to lie me out until I
called her bluff. The cards were stacked
on me this time, but what'll they say down
in Texas?"

At 7.30 o'clock Miss Taylor and her trau-
seau were on the way back to Green Bay.
At 9.30 o'clock Mr. Maxwell, with a photo-
graph in his hand on which he cast a stony
glare, was on his way back to Texas.

WHAT A COLD WAVE IS.

It is Not a Wave But an Avalanche of Cold Air.

The term "cold wave" applied to a
sudden and great fall of temperature is a
figure of speech. It is rather an avalanche
of cold air that comes down upon the
country, explains Professor Russell in the
Engineering Magazine. The essential idea
in a wave is repetition. In the eastern part
of the country there is a regular change in
the temperature of the air of about fifteen
degrees from day to night. In the high and
dry regions beyond the Mississippi River
the daily range is 45 degrees in some places.
The great irregular changes called cold
waves have no definite period.

The weather bureau definition of a cold
wave is a fall in temperature of twenty
degrees or more in 24 hours, free of
diurnal range, and extending over
an area of at least 50,000 square
miles of country, the temperature
somewhere in the area going at least as low
as 36 degrees. Marking on a map where a
cold wave has occurred by lines through the
places of equal fall of temperature the
areas are seen to be inclosed and sometimes
very great in extent. In one of the greatest
cold waves in recent years, that of February
17, 1883, the temperature at 7 a. m. was 20
degrees lower than at the same hour on the
day preceding throughout an area of
1,065,000 square miles, extending from lake
Superior and Georgian bay on the north to
the Rio Grande on the south, and from
Kansas City to Cincinnati. Inside the area
of 20 degree fall there was an area of 30
degree fall to 640,000 square miles; inside
the area of 30 degree fall there was an area
of 40 degree fall 187,000 square miles; in-
side the 40 degree fall there was 31,000
square miles of 50 degree fall, a fall of 60
degrees at Keokuk, Iowa, the centre of the
cold wave, the temperature, which was 60
degrees on the morning of February 16th,
being zero next day.

He Got Even.

A young couple in Brooklyn, who had
been keeping company two years, became
engaged with the consent of all concerned
and looked forward with the customary
supreme bliss to the consummation of their
betrothal. Suddenly the betrothed maiden
changed her mind and told her lover she
would not marry him. When he recovered
his breath he begged for an explanation, but
could get no other than that she had decided
to marry somebody else. Sorrowsfully he
left her and in the solitude of his chamber
put on his thinking cap. The result was
that the jilt received a formal note from
him telling her that he would call on a cer-
tain evening for a final answer. He called
and met with a frigid reception. His affi-
davit told him that her decision was irrev-
ocable, and handed him a package contain-
ing all his gifts to her. "By Jove!" he
cried, "you're the best girl in the universe!
I feel as though a ton might have been lifted
from my breast." He grabbed the package
and his hat and made for the door. The
girl was petrified with amazement. "What
is the meaning of all this?" she stammered.
"Why, it means, he answered, "that I am
free. I tried my best to muster up courage
enough to ask you to release me, but
couldn't do it. I'll send you your letters
and everything but the ring. That, I am
afraid, Cora will not give up."
"And pray, who may Cora be?" was
snapped out rather viciously.
"Oh, she's the girl I'm going to now ask
to marry me. She's a beauty. I'll send
you her picture and I'll give her the dia-
mond earrings you have returned to me."
His hand was on the knob when these
words arrested him,
"If you attempt to go I'll scream. I
want you to understand that our engage-
ment holds good. Don't you go near that
Cora again. I am going to marry you my-
self."

The nuptials will be celebrated at the
time originally set.
George—Whew! What can be the mat-
ter? Telegram says, "Come home, imme-
diately." Rushing into his suburban home,
one hour later: "Tell me quick, my dear.
What's the matter? Young Wife—The baby
said "Mama."

"Can men fly?" asks the Boston Globe.
Certainly. Were you ever present at a fire
bout the time the hose burst?

MAZZINI'S COURAGE.

How the Famous Italian Exile Met His Enemies.

The famous Italian exile was forewarned
that his assassination had been planned, and
that men had been despatched to London for
the purpose, but he made no attempt to
exclude them from his house, says an ex-
change.

One day the conspirators entered his
room and found him listlessly smoking.
"Take cigars, gentlemen," was his instant
invitation.

Waiting and hesitation on their part fol-
lowed.
"But you do not proceed to business,
gentlemen," said Mazzini. "I believe your
intention is to kill me."

The astonished miscreants fell on their
knees, and at length accorded them, while a
longer puff of smoke than usual was the
only malediction sent after them.

Mazzini once, when he was staying with
his friends in an Italian city, where his
head was forfeited, saw guards approaching
the house to arrest him.

On their way up to the door—the chateau
stood on an eminence—they met a person
sauntering down toward them smoking a
cigar.

He gave them the salutation of the morn-
ing, which the captain returned. On
arriving at the chateau Mazzini was de-
manded.

"We well know he is here," said the
chief officer.
"Certainly," said the host, who knew it
was in vain to profess ignorance; "he was,
but is not now. It is he whom you met; I
saw him salute you."

They had been completely thrown off
their guard by the coolness of the smoking
stranger. Once out of their sight they
knew it was vain to expect to lay hands on
that ubiquitous smoker, whom no man ever
betrayed.

We are told at Pisa, where Mazzini died,
his long, solitary days were passed in read-
ing, writing and incessant smoking.

During the fits of delirium in his last
illness the incessant smoker fancied he was
enjoying his favorite—perchance for a man
so abstemious, his only luxury—and he
moved his hand fingers to and fro as though
he was putting a cigar in his lips and taking
it away.—New York World.

The Children's Logic.

One of our school commissioners inspected a
down-town public school the other day
and examined several girls.

Commissioner—Now I will ask you to tell
me the parts of speech of some words you
have just read. What part of speech is
"Mary Ann?"

Little girl—Noun, sir.

Commissioner—What kind of a noun?

Little girl—Common noun.

Commissioner—Pray, why do you call
"Mary Ann" a common noun?

Little girl—Because there are so many
Mary Anns, sir.

The commissioner smiled, and observed to
the teacher that the answer ought to
pass.

On another occasion the commissioner in-
quired:
"You say that all the rivers flow into the
sea. Why, then, does not the sea become
too full and overflow with all the waters
from all the rivers?"

The youth addressed eagerly replied.
"Because the fishes drink the water,
sir."

How It Was Pronounced.

"I bought a new hat to-day," he was
saying, "from Geoghegan—"
"From whom?"
"Geoghegan."

"You pronounce it wrong. It's 'Gay-
gan.'"

"No," corrected another. "It's called
'Jee-hay-gun.'"

"Goo-gan," suggested a fourth speaker.

"Hig-gog-gan," says number five.

"Gay-hee-gan," thinks the sixth.

"Hogan," the seventh asserts.

"Nay," says number eight; "it's 'Kee-
jay-gan.'"

"Gig-heg-gan," is number nine's version.

"Ge-og-hay-gun," ventures the tenth.

"Jag on," says number eleven.

"Jig-hee-gan," thinks the twelfth.

"Hag-gay-gun," says thirteen.

"No," says a new-comer; "it's 'Jee-
hee-gan.'"

"Wrong again," said the president;
"pronounce it 'Jag-again.'"

"What's the matter with 'Gee-off-
egan'?" said another; but the puzzle is still
unsolved.—Louisville Commercial.

Beautiful and Good.

Detroit News: Good snow is always a
good thing to have in winter. Some snows,
such as the coffee-colored, slushy snow of
Cincinnati and the flinty, cinder-like, icy
snow of the plains, may not be truthfully
called good; but the feathery, flaky, fleecy
snow that robes all out-doors in downy
garments is a good thing and entirely wel-
come. It is good for man, woman and
child, is winter's most delicious caress, is a
tonic in business circles and an invigorant
to our social diversions. It improves the
popular digestion and stimulates the relish
of life. Good snow is a good thing, and
the News gives public thanks to our good
friend Jack Frost, who is not a half-bad
fellow, although a little forgetful this year
of the midwinter holidays.

What He Despises.

Albion Herald: If there is one thing that
a newspaper man despises more than an-
other it is to publish a long obituary notice
free of cost and then have the widow or
representative of the deceased step in and
stop the paper. That is Christianity with
a hypocritical flavor.

She Didn't.

Buffalo News: Who wrote Caesar's Com-
mentaries?" asked the teacher in a Lewiston
school the other day.

There was a blank look on the faces of all
those present until a little girl raised her
hand and said: "Please, ma'am, I know I
didn't."

—The average marrying age of a French-
man is thirty years.

Miss Jane Cobden, the young woman who
is to marry T. Fisher Unwin, the English
publisher of the Century Magazine, is a
daughter of Richard Cobden, the free trade
prophet. Three years ago Miss Cobden was
elected a member of the London County
Council. She is about thirty-five years old.

ORANGES VERSUS KEEL.

Luscious Fruit Is Good for Drunkards as Well as for Beauties.

The value of oranges as an article of food
is well known, says the New York Times.
"I buy them by the box," says a mother,
"and let my children eat them constantly
in lieu of candy or other prized children's
dainties. I consider that I save money by
it." At some of the inebriate asylums
oranges have proved an efficient substitute
for alcohol, patients sucking the juice of
them abundantly every time the thirst for
liquor comes upon them. This fact is so
well recognized that often at temperance
coffee stands piles of luscious oranges are
also kept. And now another benefit is
alleged for them. Some famous French
beauties of former days, it is asserted,
secured and preserved their marvellous
complexions by a free diet of oranges. One
in particular lived almost entirely upon the
fruit. A dozen each at breakfast and
luncheon made up these repasts; at dinner
a dozen more, with a crust of bread and one
glass of Burgundy. Doubtless an orange
fad is threatening—for the pursuit of a
complexion is a very absorbing one to
women.

Municipalities and Street Railways.

Out of the dissatisfaction felt by the
citizens of Chicago with the inadequacies
of the existing systems of street railway
transportation has come a proposal for mu-
nicipal ownership. A resolution has been
introduced into the City Council instruct-
ing the corporation counsel to prepare an
ordinance to enable the city to buy and own
the street railway tracks under certain con-
ditions, and to lease them for specified
periods to individuals or corporations. This
resolution, while apparently contempla-
ting no more radical changes in the
existing arrangement than have been accom-
plished at Liverpool and elsewhere, has
been opposed, upon the ground
that the city cannot lawfully go into the
business of building and leasing such lines.
The discussion of a rapid transit system
for the city of New York, and the tendency
which is to be noted in many of the larger
cities of this country, of great corporations
to buy up small street railway lines and to
consolidate them into one system, unite to
class the determination of the scope of mu-
nicipal undertakings and the relations of the
city authorities and corporations conduct-
ing a quasi-public service among the most
interesting questions of the day.

Our readers are aware that the action
proposed in Chicago is no new thing. We
have ever urged that street tramway rails
should be laid and owned by the city, and
utilized for the best interests of the public.
This practice is in successful operation in
Liverpool, and the contention of the opposi-
tion in the city of Chicago that a municipa-
lity cannot legally take this step, is not
well founded, and it is time that a more
enlightened view of municipal relations and
powers prevailed. Reforms of this nature
make haste slowly, and perhaps it is wise
that they should, but we look for a
general recognition of municipal control
of urban transportation in the line
pointed out. Especial attention may also
be directed to the recent action of the city
government of Glasgow, Scotland, where
the municipality now proposes to take over
the existing street railway tracks, with the
entire equipment of the present companies
and to operate the roads. This, it may be
pointed out, is a much more radical mea-
sure than is proposed for Chicago, and in
the operation of the road is going beyond
what we believe is a desirable policy for
American cities. In Glasgow the main
argument for municipal ownership and
operation of street railways was that the en-
tire profits, beyond interest on their cost,
would be put into extensions of the
service to outlying districts,
thus building them up and increasing the
number of cheap and accessible homes
for the people. It was maintained, and
with much reason, that a corporation's first
business is to earn dividends, and it
naturally resists furnishing increased facili-
ties in advance to the prospect of an im-
mediate paying return. Glasgow has success-
fully conducted its gas and water supply
works, in which there was no opposition,
but in taking over the tramways, it will
meet with such competition upon a com-
mercial basis from underground railways
and cable lines as to make this experiment
a municipalization worthy of atten-
tion. Municipal control, as a principle,
is yearly becoming better understood
in this country, as experience is
gained in the operation of gas and
electric lighting plants, and Chicago has
already committed itself to the extent of
owning and operating its electric street
lighting plant. That city is in urgent need
of the development of an adequate system
of urban transportation before the opening
of the World's Fair. We believe that the
only logical conclusion to be drawn from
the study of this problem is the establish-
ment of the principle that the city, owning
the street, should own, lay and maintain
the lines of rails therein, with authority to
determine what corporations shall be al-
lowed to run cars over the rails and how
they shall run them.—New York Engineer-
ing Record.

Out of the Way Cable Stations.

A glance through the code of instructions
issued by one of the big cable companies
shows that there are a number of places
which rarely appear on the map that may
be reached by wire from this country. For
\$2.25 per word one may communicate from
New York with the hectic town of Pram
Pram, upon the west coast of Africa, while
connections can be established with the
lively hamlet of Grand Bassam, in the same
region, at \$1.04 for every ten letters. For
\$1.17 per word you may address your long-
lost relatives or businesspartners in Djedda,
Mecca and Al Hedjass, while the rate to
Bunder Abbas, Bassidore and Lingah is 64
cents in addition to the boat hire from Jask,
Persia, where the message is delivered.
Every word sent to New Zealand, via
Northern Siberia, costs the sender just
\$3.74, which is the highest rate on the list.
It costs 60 cents a word to reach Reman-
aguanas and Aquada de Pasageros down in
Cuba, and \$1.88 to let the old folks in Singie
Ujong, on the Malay Peninsula, know you're
living.

"A man without an ideal sinks; the man
with one rises, but in so rising passes
through agonies. This life is his purgatory.
Only the man without an ideal is happy—
brutally happy."—S. Baring-Gould.

... years of biting econ-
omy and meanness toward his chil-
dren, acquired a comfortable fortune.
He thought it about time that he began to en-
joy it somewhat. This idea did not spring
all from a desire to give pleasure to his
acquaintances, but from the wish to marry
off his daughters into good society, and to
get rid of the burden of supporting them.
Being of a thrifty and frugal nature, he did
not propose to waste any money on the en-
tertainment, but determined to make
every dollar tell. Therefore, on the morning
of the day before the one on which his first
dancing party was to come off, he stopped
the editor of a paper which gave considera-
ble space to fashionable affairs, whom he
met in the street and knew slightly. After
greeting him cordially and asking after his
health and his prosperity, he said:

"By the bye, we're going to have a dance
up at our house to-morrow night. A lot of
fashionable people invited, etc. These friv-
olities of social life cost money, my dear
sir, but we have to have them, I suppose,
or we would not be in the swim, eh?"
"I suppose so," replied the editor, with
a quiet smile. "Good day," and he passed
on.

Jones did not look as if that was the re-
ply he expected. Next morning he called
on the editor. "Look here," he said, "I
just dropped in to say that I hope you did
not misunderstand me yesterday when I
spoke to you on the street about the ball up
at our house to-night. It occurred to me
afterward that you might think I wanted
you to mention it in your paper."

"Oh, not at all," said the editor dryly.

"Well, I was afraid you might, so I
thought I'd just run up here and ask you
not to make a spread over it."

The editor promised he would not.

"Because I think it very bad taste in-
deed for people to try and force themselves
into society through the newspapers,"
added Jones.

The editor agreed with him cordially.

"Although, of course," continued Jones,
"since you have been so agreeable about it
I don't object to you having the news. It
will be what you call a 'scoop' on the other
papers. None of them shall hear of it. But
no cuts, you know, or anything like that,
for I don't suppose, after all, that it does
any harm to be mentioned alongside the
Vanderbilts, the Lorillards, etc. Let's
people know in a modest way that you are
in it, eh?"

"It does," assented the editor.

"The social world is much like the busi-
ness world in some respects," said Jones.
"A man to succeed in either must keep his
name before it, I suppose."

"Certainly," answered the editor.

"Now, something like this, I dare say,
would do no harm," and he handed the
editor a type-written sheet which read as
follows: "Mr. James De Courcy Jones, a
popular leader among the 400, gave a
recherche entertainment at his palatial
residence just off Fifth avenue last night.
The magnificence of the decorations, the
costliness of the collation and the select-
ness of the company have not, in our judg-
ment, been surpassed by anything this
season."

The editor smiled more broadly than
before and handed to Mr. Jones a little card
bearing the paper's advertising rates.

Mr. Jones glanced at the card, changed
color, pretended not to know what was
meant, and bowed himself out. Then he
went straight to his advertising agent.

"Look here," he said gruffly, "you've
spent a good deal of my money on the
Howler, see if you can't get something out
of them for me now. If they won't do me
this little favor, just let them understand
clearly that my 'ad' in the Bugle will be
doubled and the one in the Howler cancelled
altogether. I'm going to have a ball at my
house to-night and I guess it's just as well
worth the paper's time to notice it as it is
to write up the balls of people who ne-
advertise a cent's worth," and he slammed
the door as he stalked out.

The crafty advertising agent, anxious to
please so good a customer, went off to the
paper, and, carefully avoiding the editor,
got in his fine work at the business end.
The result was that next day there appeared
in the paper the following: "J. D. Jones
gave a dance last night at his house in
Fifty-fourth street."

As Jones was passing down town that
morning in the street car he was accosted by
an old business friend, who exclaimed:
"Hello, Jones, you're getting to be a social
light, eh? I see an account of your ball
last night in the Howler this morning."

"What's that, what's that?" exclaimed
Jones. "The Howler meddling in my
affairs! Confound its impertinence. Why
can't a man's private life be left inviolate in
this city? How did they get on to the fact,
I wonder? Their indefatigable industry is
only equaled by their cold gall. I'll go
down there to-day and give that editor a
piece of my mind. If there is anything I de-
test, it's having one's name noised about in
the papers. It's so common!"—New York
Tribune.

Avoiding Disgrace.

Puck:—Upon Downes (7 a. m.)—Great
Cesar! A sneak-thief has been in our room
and taken all our clothes. What'll we do?
Rown de Bout—Not all. He has missed
our dress suits. We can put them on.

"What? Dress-suits in the morning.
We'll be eternally disgraced."

"Can't be helped. We must put them
on and go out to breakfast. Perhaps our
friends will think we've been out all night."

"By Jove! Good idea! We'll pretend
to be drunk."

Olive Branch and Sword.

The following is the sweet and simple
lullaby a 3-year-old girl of Boston was over-
heard singing to her sleeping brother:

Go to sleep, my little brother,
Go to sleep, Charley dear;
Go to sleep, my little brother,
Go to sleep, or I will spank you.

Only a few years ago nearly all the
matches used in Russia were imported, but
there are now upwards of three hundred
match factories in that country. The
imports have fallen from 1,535,000 pounds
of matches in 1884 to 13,392 pounds in 1889,
and in the latter year 31,000 pounds of
matches were exported from Russia.

MINDEN ECHO

2271 / 1892

801.44



The Minden Echo

MINDEN, ONTARIO, JAN. 22, 1892.

The Heir Apparent to the British Throne Dead.

The Duke of Clarence & Avondale, Eldest Son of the Prince of Wales, Succumbs to the Prevailing Malady.

We last week chronicled the illness of the Duke of Clarence accompanied by the official report that his strength held out and a hopeful result was anticipated, but ere the news had reached our readers the cold hand of death had grasped its victim. The Duke expired on Thursday morning after an illness of only a week's duration.

Unusual sympathy is felt for his grandmother, Queen Victoria, who was devotedly attached to her grandson, while the heart of the nation goes out to his mother, the Princess of Wales in her great bereavement, while the Princess May, who was to become the bride of the Duke of Clarence on the 27th February next, to which event all the principal cities and towns of England were looking forward with unusual interest and vying with each other in their proposed demonstration of honor on the auspicious occasion, but the Princess May has lost her chance of becoming Queen of England, and the nation mourns with their beloved Queen and the parents of the deceased Prince in their deep affliction.

The death of Cardinal Manning which took place last week, is deeply lamented by all classes of the British people. He was undoubtedly one of the ablest and most devout men of his time, and swayed an influence for good that few men have ever been able to exercise.

DARE NOT BE FAIR

This is the only conclusion that can be arrived at when we find the Lindsay Watchman refusing to give "the other side of the story." It has systematically and unjustly attacked the Government Candidate of North Victoria, it is willing to pick up the crumbs that fall from the Conservative table, but it is ready for its own purposes, and that of a few lickspoons, to snap at the hand that fed it.

The sheet, in question, states what it cannot prove, "That the convention was worked," and that "several of the best liberal conservatives have assured it of this." We now call upon the Watchman to either give the names of the men who slandered the convention and the Conservative party, or stand convicted of wilful untruthfulness and seeking for personal motives to injure the party it pretends to support. If the Watchman thinks it "Can run the North Country, it will find a job on its hands it is utterly incompetent to manage. North Victoria has by its representatives selected independently from every polling division in the Riding, made its selection of a candidate with a unanimity and determination that the warped writer in the "Watchman" has not the common sense to understand, it has no idea of public spirit or patriotism, it only understands the motives that propel its own actions, and acts the part of a dirty bird. Either let the Watchman come out plainly as the organ of the barley and binder twine brigade, or be content to speak the truth, as it is quite evident it is only too willing to be misled, should its vain ambition cause it to knock its head against a wall it will only have its own weakness to blame, possibly its conduct may not only effect the barley question but the brand of flour used in the North Country.

RATS:—A few short months ago when Mr. Barron visited Minden as a candidate for Parliamentary honors, the town was filled with his followers ready and willing to kiss his hand, and give him a hearty greeting; but the private official circulars of his visit this week failed to draw as usual, and this is one of the many evidences of his waning popularity; too many unfulfilled promises are now getting in their work, and many of those who worked hard for him last election are now working as en-

getically against him, the result of which, is not hard to foresee, it is the old story of the rats leaving the sinking craft.

MUNICIPAL OFFICERS, Their Appointment and Salaries.

The following is the Law respecting the appointment of Municipal Officers, and the note appended to the section of the Statute quoted is taken from Harrison's Municipal Manual:

"No municipal council shall assume to make any appointment to office, or any arrangement for the discharge of the duties thereof, by tender or to applicants at the lowest remuneration."

NOTE:—The lowest tender is not always the most satisfactory for acceptance; and so much has this been found the case in the management of municipal affairs, that the Legislature has been compelled to interfere. Poor pay, poor service is generally the rule. Good pay to good servants will, in the long run, be found to be true economy. Notwithstanding, this provision apparently intended to prevent public offices from being put up to public competition, public officials too frequently receive the lowest remuneration upon the ground that others can be found to fill the office for even a less sum.

A Lame Excuse.

Mr. Barron apologizes for himself and his friend Dr. Wilson whose act of bribery unseated Mr. Barron, as follows:—

"On account of the unwise but generous act of Dr. Wilson, who lent a voter \$5 with which to pay his taxes, and release his goods from seizure."

Why could not Mr. Barron have left out the latter clause? when we are informed is utterly untrue, and that the voter's goods were not under seizure. The first part of the excuse is knocked into smithereens by the judges who found that it was an act of bribery and not generosity, but then some people have a peculiar way of explaining things anyway, particularly if their interests require it to be done the other way.

The Independent Order of Foresters.

This grand and noble order is the most progressive of the age. It is only seventeen years since it was first established, being founded in June, 1874, and can now proudly boast of a membership of over 32,000.

There were in November last over 1000 applications for membership, and its surplus fund to-day is more than \$400,000; during the past few months this fund has been increased at the rate of about \$10,000 monthly.

The courts instituted have numbered 1,228, and 1,133 of these were organized by the Supreme Chief Ranger and his deputies. This representative head is a man highly esteemed among men and society generally. Today he stands at the head of the three leading societies known. First we find him to be the most Worshipful Grand Master General for the Dominion, of the Royal and Oriental Freemasonry. Last July at the world's gathering of Good Templars in Edinburgh, in Right Worthy Grand Lodge, he was elected by an overwhelming majority to the highest office in the gift of that most influential body—that of Right Worthy Grand Templar. These are certainly marks of great confidence and proves his fitness for Supreme Chief Ranger of our beloved and noble order to be unquestionable—Long may he live to be our Chief. Our Order is not only beneficiary, but fraternal; it is based purely on Christian and Forester principles. Some of its benefits, among others, are that it provides annuity for old age, protection of the widow and orphan, disability benefit, sick and funeral benefit, insurance at actuarial cost. Payments stop at 69 and at the time of disability, when the benefits are enjoyed just the same. Without exception it is the best fraternal and benefit society in the land. Every young man of 18 or over should avail himself of the opportunity of becoming a member of this noble Order. Remember it is not a "death assessment" society. A young man at 18 can by paying 60 cents a month secure to his mother or some other beneficiary the sum of \$1,000. Any school boy can calculate this to be only \$7.20 a year, and how can you make a better investment? If in anyway you are disabled tomorrow you can command \$500 of it. Surely this is well worth your earnest and earliest consideration. Remember "procrastination is the thief of time."

Judicial Appo.

Judge Dean, Lindsay, has appointed a member of the Board of County Court Judges in place of the late Judge Sinclair, Hamilton.

The grip holds a tightening grasp upon the throats of many prominent personages both in Europe and America, the fatalities in this class has been something fearful of late.

A German editor remarks that in England thieves are so scarce that rewards are offered for them. He might have added, though, that it's not until rewards are offered that they make themselves scarce.

A disease known as bilious pneumonia, which is said to be fatal in four cases out of five, has made its appearance in New York and suddenly carried off four generations of one family. It appeared in epidemic form in 1812 and carried off 1703 persons in Saratoga County alone.

A Cold in the Head

Is the beginning of catarrh, and catarrh often lays the foundation for consumption. The first disease may be avoided by curing the first two, either of which yields at once to Clark's Catarrh Cure, price 50 cents. It clears the head, restores the sense of smell, and drives away that dull headache which all experience who have Catarrh in any form. One package of Clark's Catarrh Cure will work wonders. If the druggist has not got it, send price direct to Clark's Chemical Company, Toronto or New York, and the package will be sent by return mail.

IMPROVED FARM FOR SALE

—WITH—
Good Buildings Thereon.

Lot 6, Con. 5, (Scotch Line) Anson, 100 acres, about 60 acres cleared and in a high state of cultivation, well watered and fenced; there is a Block Dwelling House 18 x 24 with frame addition 17 x 32 and verandahs. A first-class stone foundation under the buildings, and cellar full size of main building; there is besides the above the following buildings upon the premises, all of which are conveniently located.

Stone Milk House 11 x 13 ft. Inside
Log Barn - 24 x 54 "
Log Cow Shed 12 x 24 "
" " 12 x 20 "
Log Sheep Pen 12 x 15 "
Hewed Timber
Hog Pen - 18 x 16 "

New Frame Horse Stable with large Hay Loft, 20 x 30 ft. Inside.

A good show of iron on the lot and there is about 15 acres of fall plowing done. Will be sold cheap for cash, or a portion of the purchase money can remain for a time by giving proper security. Apply on the premises to

GEORGE SMITH

OR

JAMES SMITH,

Or if by correspondence, Box 87 Minden P.O.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE, is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand? If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease CONSUMPTION, don't fail to use it, it will cure you or cost nothing. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and \$1.00.

TAILORING!

—YOU CAN—

SAVE MONEY

BY HAVING YOUR

CLOTHES MADE BY

CLARK & SON,

FENELON FALLS.

Farm for Sale.

200 Acres, Township of Snowdon, being Lots 10 and 11 in 6th Con.; about 50 acres cleared, Lot 11 all hardwood. Terms easy, apply to M. BROWN, Minden, or W. MCINTOSH, Newcastle.

D. L. Dowd's Health Exerciser

For Brain Workers & Sedentary People:

Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths, the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 in. square floor-room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 20,000 physicians, lawyers, legymen, editors & others now using it. Send for ill'd circular, 40 eng's; no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th st., New York.

Noice's Store

—FOR—

BARGAINS.

A large Stock of ready made CLOTHES, at greatly REDUCED PRICES.

Boots and Shoes,

Always the Best and the Cheapest.

Groceries,

New and Fresh, and a Large and Varied Stock

Always on hand.

Flour,

Always bought by the Car, and lowest prices secured.

Cash paid for Oats, Peas and Pork.

E. NOICE

DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO CO.

THE WORLD-RENOVED PRODUCTIONS OF THIS COMPANY, WHICH have honorably achieved fame in competition with the best instruments of other makers the world over, still stand in the

FRONT RANK

In Elegant and Chaste Design of Case, Beauty of Finish,

Solidity of Construction, and

Thoroughness of Workmanship.

Every Piano and Organ Warranted for Five Years.

Each Instrument has our Patented Mouse-Proof Attachment.

Inspection of the Dominion Pianos and Organs cordially invited. Descriptive Catalogues supplied upon application.

DOMINION ORGAN & PIANO Co.,
Bowmanville, Ont.

GELERT CHEAP--STORE

—NOW OPEN—

FOR 30 DAYS WE WILL SELL CHEAP FOR CASH

25 lbs. bright sugar \$1.00 Best Bakers' Queen

20 lbs. white G. " 1.00 Flour for - - - 2.60

The best India Teas for 25c. lb.; the best 20c. Japan Tea in the County.

GROCERIES

A complete Stock of Fresh Goods always on hand, and we have the largest stock of Boots & Shoes in the County, which we will sell cheap for Cash for the next 30 Days, and all kinds of Crockery & Glassware, and Staple Goods. Our fall stock of CHINA and GLASSWARE is of new and beautiful designs, and at such low prices as were never offered in GELERT before. Call and see our stock, no trouble to show it. Cash paid for BUTTER and EGGS.

D. RICHARDSON & Co.

GELERT.

Dimethylphenyloxyphiragoni

AT

F. R. Curry's.

Ask for it.

WINDEN ECHO

23 / 1 / 1982

801.44

KILLER.

A Toronto Man, Ragio Death in Chicago.

Attack.

HIS SON WILL SUCCEED HIM.

A Cairo cable says: The Khedive is dead. He had been suffering from influenza, which developed into congestion of the lungs. This was complicated with a cardiac affection, and this afternoon he succumbed.

The death of the Khedive was entirely unexpected. It was stated last evening that he was in no apparent danger from the attack of influenza, when suddenly the complication set in and developed with startling rapidity. Two physicians were in attendance, but they did not appear to realize that the Khedive's condition was critical until this morning, when it became generally known that the ruler of Egypt was dangerously ill. Groups of people gathered at the gates of the Helouan palace, where the Khedive was lying. At 6 o'clock this evening (Cairo time) a bulletin was issued stating that the Khedive was in a critical condition. It is believed that at that time he must have been dead. At 7 o'clock his death was announced. He will be succeeded by Prince Abbas Pasha, his eldest son who was born July 14th, 1874.

The Khedive had been ill for a week, and had been treated for simple influenza until yesterday, when an acute disease of the lungs and kidneys supervened. Three European doctors were summoned and every known remedy was administered without success. The Khedive succumbed after a long period of insensibility. The Vice-reine is inconsolable over his death, and has retired to another palace. The heir to the throne, Abbas Pasha, has attained his majority under the Mohammedan law. He has displayed ability and force of character. The present Cabinet has the confidence of the country.

The funeral will take place to-morrow. The body will be placed in the mausoleum at the citadel mosque.

Mohammed Tewfik Pasha was born on Nov. 10th, 1852, being the eldest son of the Khedive Ismail. On August 8th, 1879, by a decree of the Ottoman Empire, he succeeded to the Viceroyalty of Egypt, his father being forced to abdicate. He was the sixth ruler of Egypt in the dynasty of Mohammed Ali Pasha, who was appointed Vali or Governor in 1800, and who, in 1841, prevailed upon the Sultan and the five great powers of Europe to settle the hereditary principality in his own family. He was succeeded in 1848 by his son, Ibrahim Pasha, who died two months afterward. The next in succession was Abbas Pasha, a son of Mohammed Ali's second son. He was strangled in 1854 by order of the Sultan for attempted treason. Said Pasha, a third son of Mohammed Ali Pasha, was the next ruler of Egypt. He died in 1863, and was succeeded by his nephew, Ismail Pasha, second son of Ibrahim. In 1866 an Imperial firman conferred upon Ismail the title of Khedive instead of that of Vali. At the same time the law of succession was altered from that which had been established in 1841. Instead of succession devolving as heretofore, according to the usual principles of Mohammedan law, upon the senior male descendant of the founder of the dynasty, it was to go to Ismail's eldest son, and thenceforth in the same order of primogeniture, excluding the other branches of Mohammed Ali's family. This favor was granted to Ismail by Sultan Abdul Aziz in consideration of a large money payment. The consequence of this arrangement was the accession of Tewfik in 1878, instead of Halim, the fourth son of Mohammed Ali. He is described as a loyal and honest man, neither cruel, vicious, extravagant, nor an intriguer. He was married in January, 1873, to the Princess Eminah, daughter of El Hany Pasha. He leaves two sons and two daughters. The heir apparent is Abbas Bey, born July 14th, 1874.

The body of the Khedive was enclosed in a plain Arab coffin. The remains, guarded by an escort of soldiers and accompanied by a few body servants, were taken from the Helouan palace at 11 o'clock in the morning and were conveyed by rail to Cairo. All the Ministers and the members of the household were waiting at the station. When the train reached Cairo the coffin was removed from the funeral car, and a procession was formed. Slowly and with many manifestations of mourning the cortege proceeded to the Abdin palace. The coffin was escorted by a detachment of military. From the palace the real procession was held to the mausoleum. The route was lined with British and Egyptian troops. At the head of the procession were a number of camels loaded with gifts to be distributed among the populace. Then followed Major-General F. Walker, commander-in-chief of the British troops in Egypt. After him came a number of men bearing banners, sheikhs, dervishes, representatives of the various local bodies, the members of the ministry, Government officials, judges, clergymen, diplomats in full uniform. After these came representatives of the household and harem, and then followed the coffin, which was borne from the palace to the mausoleum by servants. Immediately behind the coffin walked bands of wailing women. Then came a number of carriages conveying the widow of the late Khedive and the members of the harem. The rear of the procession was brought up by Gen. Grenfell, Sirdar of the Egyptian army, and a regiment of Egyptian troops commanded by British officers. The utmost order marked the whole ceremony. Upon the arrival of the procession at the mausoleum, the Mollahs prayed, after which the coffin was placed in the vault. Religious services will be held to-night and for several nights afterward.

A Jealous Husband's Crime.

A Newark, N. J., despatch says: C. S. Quackenbush shot his wife Annie, mortally wounding her. He then placed the muzzle of the revolver in his mouth and shot himself through the head, expiring instantly. Quackenbush took his eldest daughter to Montreal last week and the other day he wrote his wife asking her to send on the other children. He came from Montreal this morning. Quackenbush was 46 years old and a wealthy retired insurance broker. He claimed that his wife was extravagant, and she said he was insanely jealous.

The value of property in London has trebled since 1856.

HENRY IRVING'S SON

Tries to Shuffle Off this Mortal Coil, But Fails.

STRANGE REASON FOR THE ATTEMPT.

A London cable says: Henry Irving had hardly finished reading in the morning newspapers to-day the critics' praise of his triumph at the Lyceum last night when he was summoned from glory to misery by the attempted suicide of his son Lawrence, the second son of the actor, who was recently a member of a Shakespearian touring company. He was a capable actor, but labored under the disadvantage of comparisons with his father, whom he does not nearly approach in ability. It is said that he sometimes complained of this, but nobody took his remarks as more than an expression of opinion, or connected therewith a deep-seated sense of wrong. The young man is known to have aspired to be a great Shakespearian actor, a rival if not a superior to his parent. He labored hard to improve himself, and in this way probably overworked his brain.

The Benson Company opened at Belfast on Monday. This afternoon young Irving attended a rehearsal of "The Merchant of Venice." He was well up in his part, and it was noticed that he put more than usual energy into his lines. But he gave no evidence whatever of disturbance of mind. After the rehearsal he went back to his lodgings, and retired to his room, closing his door. Other actors of the Benson Company were lodging at the same place, and one of them was in a room just below at the time Irving retired. The fellow-actor heard a pistol shot in the direction of Irving's room. He took little notice of the noise at first, thinking that Irving or some one else near by was going through a private rehearsal in a part that involved the discharge of a firearm. With this idea the incident passed from his mind; but in another moment his attention was arrested by a curious, horrible sound that made his cheeks blanch and his flesh creep. It was like the groan of a dying man, and there was no acting about it. The actor rushed upstairs into Irving's room. Across the bed lay Irving, twisting in agony and uttering the sound that had attracted the attention of his associate. Blood was streaming from a bullet wound in the right breast, and a pistol on the floor with the barrel still warm and a curl of smoke still floating near the ceiling told how the deed had been done. The covering of the bed was already deeply soaked with blood, and Irving was losing strength rapidly. His fellow-actor asked no questions, but hastened for relief. Surgeon Fagan speedily arrived and administered restoratives, at the same time taking care to stop the flow of blood. Prof. Sinclair was also called in, and an attempt was made to get the bullet, but the probe failed to reach it. It was found that the bullet had penetrated the apex of the lung. At last accounts Irving was in a most critical condition, but the professor and Surgeon Fagan have not given up hope of saving his life. Word was at once sent to his father in London.

Irving's friends claim that the shooting may have been accidental and not an attempt at suicide.

The young man is in no condition to give any account of the affair, and the doctors will not permit him to be questioned for fear of hastening fatal results. His friends say that if it was a case of suicide it must be attributed to over-work, as the young man is not believed to have had a bad habit or embarrassing associations.

It appears that the news of his son's attempted suicide did not reach Irving until the play had already commenced at the Lyceum this evening. The actor retained his composure remarkably, but this was partly attributed to the fact that the announcement of the shooting was accompanied by a reassuring telegram from the doctors in attendance upon the young man to the effect that they hoped for his recovery. The theatre was thronged by an audience enthusiastic as that of the previous night. Irving determined to proceed. He even kept the contents of the telegram to himself, and the officials of the theatre were unaware of the terrible news that he had received. It is now said that he put more pathos than before into the lines of the fallen and broken-hearted cardinal, and that his face bore an expression of pain that was something more than the effort of the actor in a play.

MURDER IN A SALOON.

Moody Fracas in a Trout Lake Drinking Resort.

A Sault Ste. Marie despatch says: News has reached here of a bloody fracas, which will lead to murder, in John Navin's saloon at Trout Lake, a small station in the southwestern part of this country. The trouble was started by several roughs who became drunk, and then refused to pay for their liquor. Jack Helwig, the leader of the gang, became very noisy and belligerent, and refused either to pay his bill or leave the place. When Navin threatened to throw him out, he struck at the saloon-keeper, who immediately rushed behind the bar for a weapon. Before he could reach it, however, Helwig pulled out a revolver and fired twice at Navin. The first shot missed him, but the second pierced his back, and he fell fatally wounded. A man named Myer, who started to assist Navin, received a flesh wound in the arm from a bullet fired by one of Helwig's friends, and another man, whose name could not be learned, was also slightly injured. All the parties involved have escaped, except Navin, who is now lying under the care of physicians, with no hope of his recovery.

A Wealthy Suicide.

A Troy, N. Y., despatch says: A well-dressed stranger was found dead this morning on the highway at Hoosic. He had shot himself in the head, a revolver being found in his hand. On the ground around him were \$100 in currency, three drafts for \$1,000, and one for \$15,000, issued to bearer by F. S. Sargent, cashier of the Security Trust Company, of Nashua, N. H., to the Commercial National Bank, Boston, dated January 2. The currency and drafts were torn to pieces. The body was afterwards identified as that of L. N. T. Parlin, supposed to be a jeweller living at 20 Factory street, Nashua. It is believed he wandered from home while mentally deranged.

HORRORS OF EXILE.

The sufferings of Russian Refugees in the East End of London.

A London cable says: The almost incredible poverty and misery existing among the immigrants from Russia was illustrated again to-day by one of the numerous inquests which are so common among the half-starved inhabitants of the East End. The case in point is worse than ordinary, however, and the publication of the details has elicited many expressions of horror that such things can exist in a civilized community. The inquest was on the body of a babe that had died almost as soon as born, and the testimony showed that the child had remained naked, exposed to the chilling air of the wretched apartment occupied by its parents, until it died from lack of warmth and proper care. It appears that the mother, who is the wife of an unemployed Russian Jew tailor named Cushman, was herself without any clothing except a tattered pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, and one other garment. The parents could not obtain food for themselves and were nearly dead from starvation. There were no bed clothes in the room. The neighbors of the unfortunate family were nearly, if not quite, as badly off as the Cushmans and could render no assistance. Surgeon Dukes testified that he knew of many cases almost as bad. He encountered three of four cases of death from similar causes every day. Numbers of aliens, he said, arrive in London daily whose destiny is starvation. The jury found a verdict that the baby died for want of food and care owing to the poverty of the parents. They also adopted a resolution as a part of the finding that the admission of aliens ought to be prohibited unless the newcomers could prove their ability to support themselves and families. The members of the jury, all of whom were workmen, then went down into their almost empty pockets and out of their small means made up a purse of twelve shillings for the unhappy Cushmans. When Coroner Baxter handed the gift to Cushman the recipient fell on his knees weeping, and repeatedly kissed the coroner's hand, stammering out such thanks as he could find words for.

WANTON BRUTALITY.

A Little Girl Selized and Savagely Beaten by an Unknown Assailant.

A Chicago despatch says: With her life in the balance, her face bruised and battered almost beyond recognition, and her breast and shoulders covered with the black marks of brutal heels, beautiful little Louise Hagen lies at her home on Washington boulevard, the victim of a most daring and dastardly outrage. While returning to her home about dusk on Sunday, along Laflin street, she passed a man whose actions frightened her. She ran to within a few hundred feet of Madison street, when the man, who had pursued and passed her unobserved, sprang out of an alley and struck her a terrible blow on the back of her head with a monkey wrench. The blow would have felled the strongest man, and the fragile form of the poor girl sank limp and insensible to the sidewalk. Then throwing a handkerchief across her mouth and face, and holding it by the ends behind her head with one hand, the villain seized her at the waist with the other and dragged the senseless form into the filthy and gloom of the alley. The entreaties of his victim only seemed to have the effect of increasing the savagery of the brute. With a murmured curse he struck her in the face while he stooped over her prostrate form. Then rising to his feet he stamped his heavy feet upon her breast and shoulders. Alarmed by the footsteps of a passer-by the brute fled. The bleeding and half-unconscious girl was taken to her home, where physicians pronounced her condition as critical. The police are working on the case.

A SILENT CREW.

A Fishing Schooner Found Drifting With Ten Dead on Board.

A Halifax despatch says: The steam tug Progress went out of St. Pierre Miquelon the other day for a short cruise. Just outside the harbor the tug came across a banking schooner, bottom up, being carried to and fro by the current, and took it in tow. When taken into St. Pierre the schooner was righted and placed in a dock. It was then discovered that the ill-fated craft was a fishing schooner belonging to La Croix, of St. Pierre, which left there early last summer with a crew of seventeen men, and which disappeared while at anchor on the banks during one of the heavy gales in September last. When the water was pumped out it was a gruesome sight that met the gaze of the explorers, for in the hold lay ten bodies more or less decomposed and disfigured. The vessel left port, as stated, with seventeen souls on board, and it is supposed the other seven must have been on the watch when the vessel was overturned, and were, of course, swept into the sea and drowned. All these months the vessel has been at the mercy of wind and wave with the remains of the heads of so many households within, and it is a curious circumstance that it would drift from the Grand Banks all the way back to St. Pierre, from whence it started on its fatal voyage.

In a Cataleptic Trance.

A Philadelphia despatch says: Mrs. Levi Yost, of Ottaville, Buck's Co., Pa., to all appearances died on Sunday of pneumonia. The body was prepared for burial, and her relatives from a distance were sent for. On Monday what was supposed to be Mrs. Yost's corpse showed signs of life. The physician in attendance at the time of Mrs. Yost's supposed death was called in and made a very careful examination, and found that instead of being dead she was lying in a trance. Many signs of life are now apparent. The woman has been removed from her coffin, and her bedside is surrounded by the relatives who had come to attend her funeral.

"Lead Bill" Allen, the man who was instrumental in securing to the people of the United States the Homestead Act, thereby giving homes to the homeless and opening up the hidden treasures of the West to the hardy pioneers of the older States, himself died without a home and almost without friends a few days ago in an Ohio poorhouse at the age of 83.

The output of the Baldwin locomotive works last year was 918 locomotives, of which 101 were compounds. The output for 1890 exceeded this number by thirty-five.

REV. DR. ABBOTT'S VIEWS.

Scientific Evolution Endorsed—Religion Must be Progressive.

A Boston despatch says: Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, of Brooklyn, delivered last night the first of a series of lectures before the Lowell Institute on "Evolution of Christianity." A notable audience was present. He announced that the object of his course was substantially as follows: "Evolution is the continuous progressive change of phenomena according to certain laws and by means of resident forces. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man. I accept the verdict of all modern scientists in favor of evolution. I agree with them that all life proceeds by a regular and orderly sequence from simple to more complex, from lower to higher forms, and I desire to show that religion is itself subject to the laws of evolution, and that the Christian religion has proceeded by a regular and orderly sequence from simple to more complex, and from lower to higher forms, and by means of a force or forces resident in humanity itself. Assuming the truth both of evolution and of Christianity as a divine life, I shall attempt to show how the latter has grown up in accordance with the laws of the former; that the Bible is an evolution of man's consciousness of God, or the history of the growth and knowledge of the life of God in a specially endowed and chosen nation; that the Church is the growth of the human organism inspired by this life making its way against error and superstition and gradually conquering paganism; that theology is the necessary mixture of truth and error, the truth winning its way over theory by intermingling with it. We shall not be surprised to find errors in the Bible. We shall remember that it is the work of God as it is expressed in human lives, struggling through the imperfections of human intellect and human passion. We shall not be surprised to find limitations of knowledge in Christ himself. The word of the Bible to us is not 'halt,' but 'forward, march.'"

BANKS THAT HAVE FAILED.

This Should Be Put in the Pocketbook for Reference.

It may be interesting to readers to know what Canadian banks have failed and whose notes are therefore worthless. Here is the list: Colonial Bank of Canada, Toronto; Commercial Bank of New Brunswick, St. John, N. B.; Consolidated Bank of Canada, Montreal; Exchange Bank of Canada, Toronto; Farmers' Joint Stock Banking Company, Toronto; International Bank of Canada, Toronto; Mechanics' Bank, Montreal; Mechanics' Bank, St. John, N. B.; Metropolitan Bank, Montreal; Provincial Bank of Canada, Stanstead, Q.; Royal Canadian Bank, Montreal; St. Lawrence Bank, Montreal; Western Bank of N. B., of Moncton, N. B.; Union Bank of Montreal, Montreal; Zimmerman's Bank; Bank of Upper Canada, Toronto, redeemable at 75 cents on the dollar; Central Bank of Toronto; Exchange Bank of Canada, Montreal; Agricultural Bank of Upper Canada, Toronto; British Canadian Bank, Toronto; Bank of the People, Toronto; Bank of Clifton, Clifton; Bank of Brantford, Brantford; Bank of Western Canada, Clifton; Bank of Canada, Montreal; Bank of Acadia, Liverpool, N. S.; Bank of Liverpool, Liverpool, N. S.; Bank of Prince Edward Island; Central Bank of N. B., Fredericton, N. B.; Charlotte County Bank, St. Andrews, N. B.; City Bank of Montreal.

Robbed a Corpse.

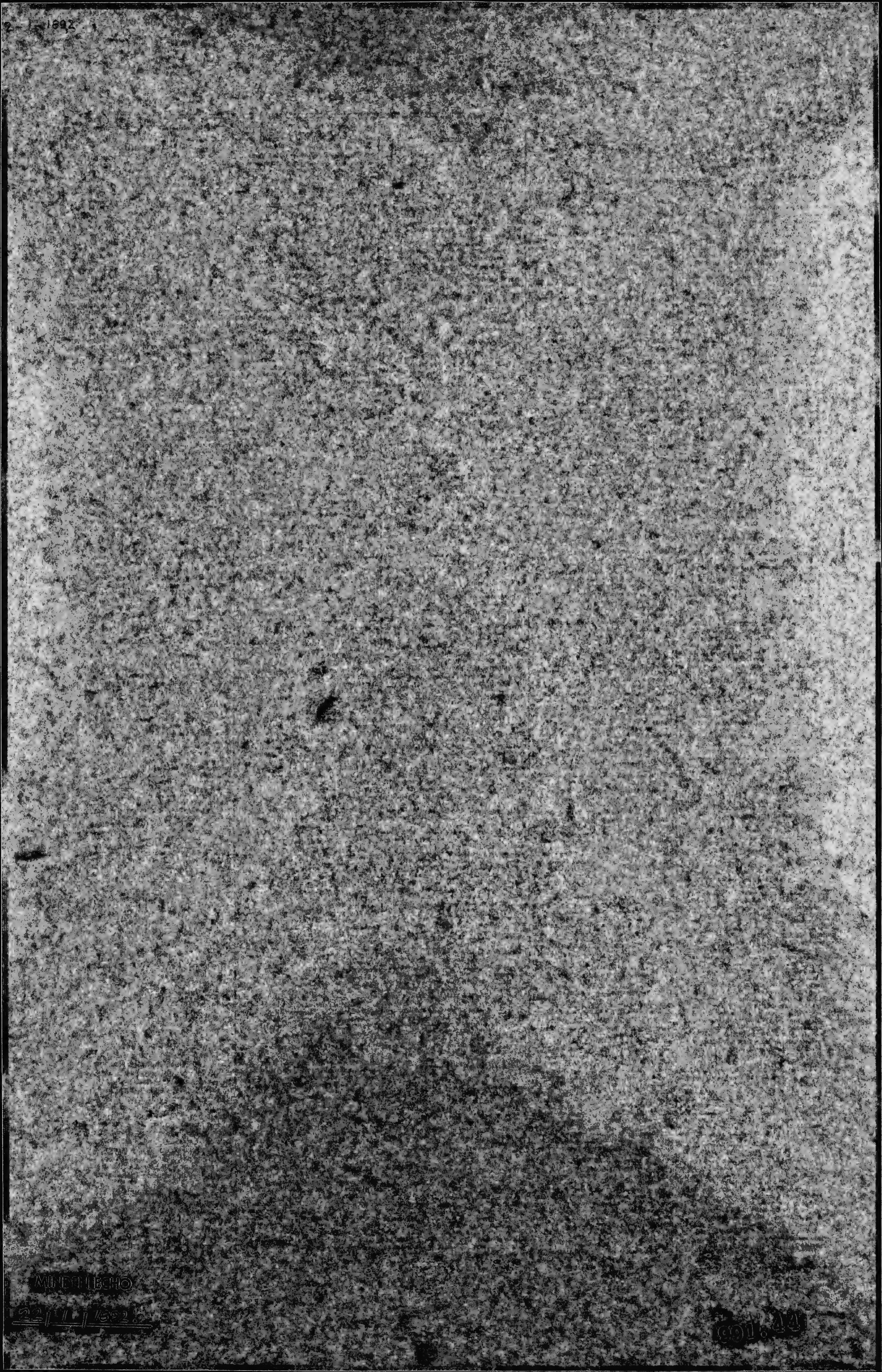
A New York despatch says: Anna M. Dunigan, 70 years of age, fell dead this evening on the street within a few doors of her house in this city. Before her body was removed to her apartments her fingers were stripped of three valuable diamond rings, and a bracelet of gold and enamel was torn from her wrist. Mrs. Dunigan occupied rooms with her son, Charles W. Dunigan, one of the principal performers in the Lillian Russell Co., now playing here. When the woman fell several men rushed apparently to aid her, but as the result shows, to rob her. Her gloves were torn from her hands on the pretence of chafing them, and the rings were deftly slipped from the fingers and the bracelet from her wrist. The rings and bracelet are worth about \$1,500.



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Men's colored Fancy Worsted (Satin lined	" " 1 25	" " 75
and quilted.)	" " 2 00	" " 1 38
Men's all Wool Pants, any size,	" " 1 75	" " 1 25
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2,700 Yards heavy Cotton Shirting, (fast colors) going at	5 1/2
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Black Saxony Yarn, (regular price 20 cents for	10
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Good stabling and an attentive hostler al-
ways on hand.
Haliburton, August 1889.

MINDEN HOTEL,
MINDEN, ONT.
This favorite hotel has been recently re-
fitted and improved. It offers first-class ac-
commodation to the travelling public. Guests
patronizing the Minden Hotel, will find it a
comfortable home. The table is always well
supplied and attended to. The bar kept fur-
nished with all that is necessary and the
stabling will be found commodious and com-
fortable with a good hostler always on hand.
A first-class Commercial Room has also been
fitted up, making this one of the best equip-
ped in the county.
W. TERRY, PROPRIETOR.
Minden, Jan. 5, 1891.

DOMINION HOTEL,
MINDEN, ONTARIO.
The proprietor of this well-known hotel
wishes to inform his friends and acquaintan-
ces and the public that since he has rented
this house he has made it both internally
and externally suitable to all those who may
favor him with a call. Good sample rooms,
large and commodious stabling and store
house. A well kept table. Meals to be had
at all hours. The bar well supplied with
wines, liquors, ales and cigars, of the best
quality.
JOSEPH PYM.
Huntamen stopping at this house will be
furnished with dogs, canoes and help.

LAST CALL.

NOTICE is hereby given to all persons
indebted to the estate of P. Ferguson
& Co., of Minden, to call and settle their
accounts at once with Wm. Galner, Esq.,
otherwise they will be placed in court for
immediate collection.
R. G. HECTOR, Assignee.
Minden, June 16th, 1891.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 30, Con. A., Snowdon, three
miles from Gelert, Apply to
E. D. ORDE,
Or to
Minden, Ontario, M. BROWN,
May 28, 1889.

For Service

On Lot 9, Con 5, Township of Stanhope, a
thorough bred Berkshire Boar, farrowed March
9th, 1891, bred by Mr J P Shier, Canning-
ton, with registered pedigree dating back for
nine generations of both dam and sire; Terms
one dollar and fifty cents, but if paid at time
of service one dollar.

THOMAS MASON,
Proprietor

Improved Yorkshire Boar.

FOR SERVICE

This is the breed of hog which dressing
from six to eight hundred pounds is put
on the market by English farmers.
Terms: \$2.00; if paid at time of service
\$1.00. Thoroughbred.

H. W. BROOKS,
Mountain La

WINDENHILL

22/1/1982

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